

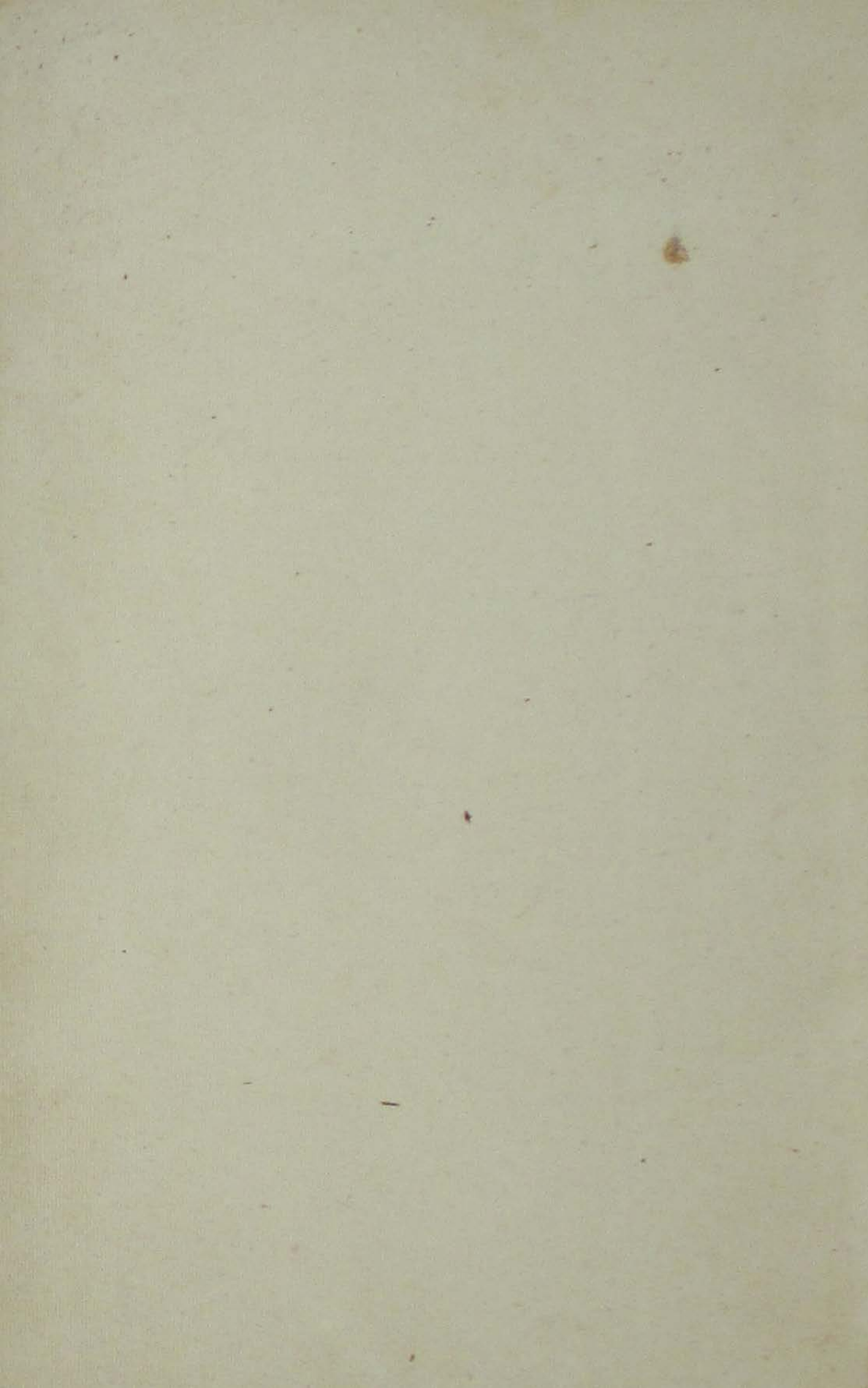
BATH ROBES  
AND  
BACHELORS





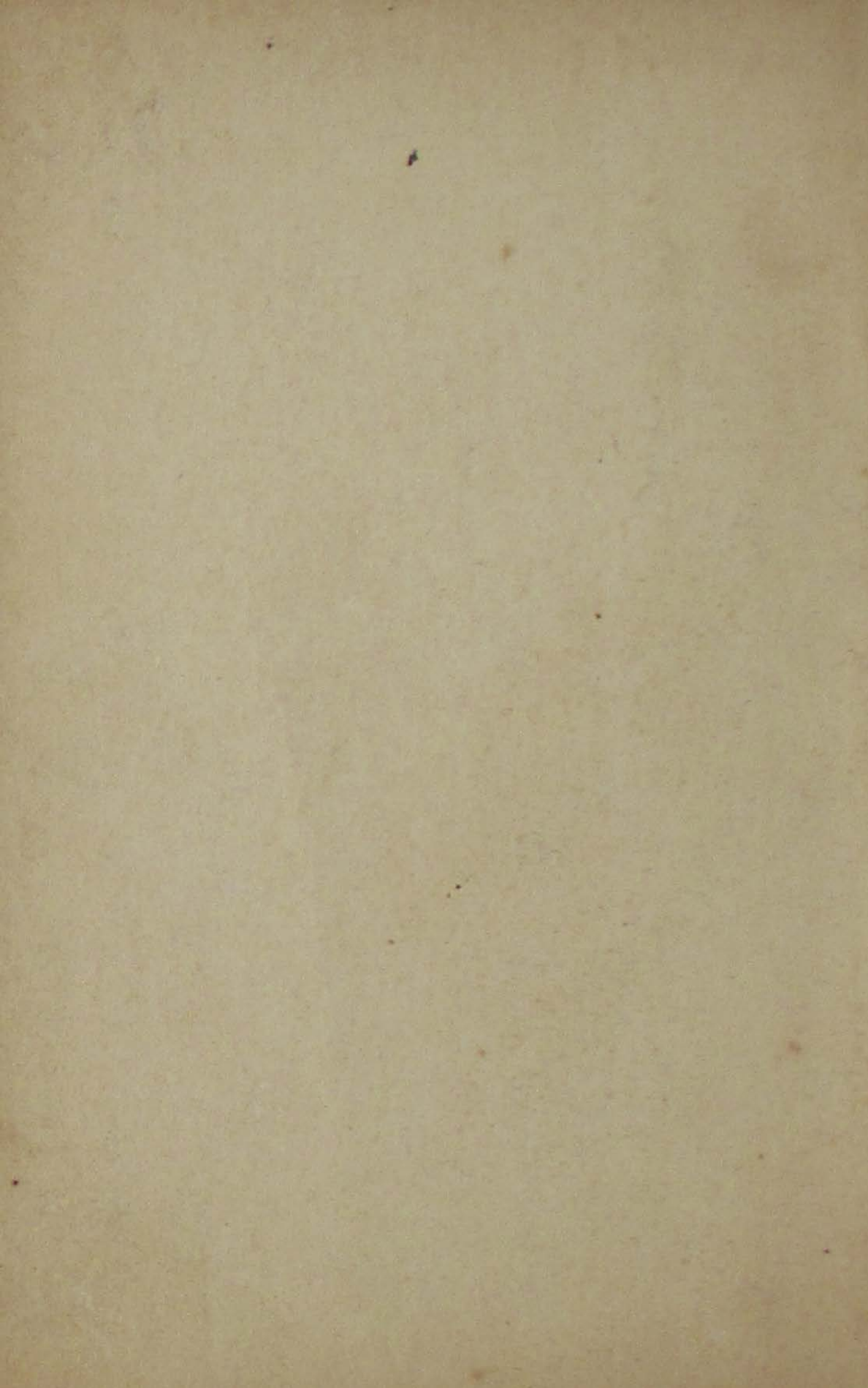








BATH ROBES AND BACHELORS  
AND OTHER GOOD THINGS











**Bath Robes**

and

**Bachelors**

and

**Other Good Things**

By

**ARTHUR GRAY**



**New York                      Boston**

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BY

ARTHUR GRAY.



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## Bath Robes and Bachelors

By Arthur Gray



THINK I am right in saying that one rarely, if ever, associates a bath-robe with a Benedict or, in fact, any kind of a married man.

I have a score of married men friends, and among them all I only know one who wears the—robe. He puts it on every morning to receive the milk-man in at the basement door. That is all the use he ever makes of it—strange fancy.

At other times he is either poring over a pipe or permitting his baby daughter to perform all sorts of feats on a wonderful irresistible shirt front, which can stand any kind of infant warfare. Sometimes he wanders seriously around a seven by nine garden, or is puttering over a queer

shaped object he might call a kitchen shelf or a shoe box.

But he is always at these times in his *shirt sleeves*.

When it is not one of these times he sits martyr-like in a tight coat in the "parlor" on one of those chairs built by the SOCIETY for the PROMOTION of BACK-ACHES. On these occasions he is *obliged* to listen to the bright sayings of the children of other married folk—if not "tales of woe" concerning sassy, slovenly, impudent, domineering autocratic servants. "She actually ordered me out of the kitchen to-day." "Things have come to a pretty pass when"—"The trouble is we make too much of them." "That's what I tell Jay." "She told me I was no lady." "I don't blame people for boarding."

Do you think, for a moment, brother bachelors, that the wife of this young man would permit him to make common use of his bath-robe? Women know—and we know, when we are honest as to ourselves—that men are all selfish—some women call us conceited and a lot of other names ;



but these are the kind of women who have only met certain kind of actor and "yellow newspaper heroes."

Admitting that we *are* selfish, however, what has that to do with a newly married man wearing this garment whenever he elects to do so?

I think I know—it's *jealousy*.

A bath-robe is a mighty comfortable object around the house. You can use it for so many things besides what it was intended for.

If merchants who deal in these garments only realized this and would demonstrate their versatility in show windows what an increased sale they could make! Instead of bath-robcs being tucked away in one corner of their store and sold as "sundries," they would require a department for them, and no—unmarried—man would dream of trying to live without one.

In the first place, they are warm in cold weather, covering almost your entire anatomy; and cool in warm weather, when it isn't necessary, in your room, to wear hardly any other clothing. If you are caught

unawares, there you are, under your own vine and fig tree, perfectly proper—completely dressed.

In cold weather what a blessing they are! Can a "bug in a rug be more snug?" You can wrap yourself within yourself—and the world is yours. Once settled comfortably in your bath-robe, you seem to be protected by an armor that nothing can penetrate except what you want to receive. Your best thoughts, too, can be kept intact, no train of peaceful reflections or delightful musings can escape you.

The beautiful flowing and graceful robes of the ancient Greeks and Romans find their best expression in the bath-robe of to-day. While it does not possess the poetical contour of the Roman toga, it is the only garment we now have which comes nearest the Roman idea, and, at the same time, combines the practical.

One can store all sorts of household goods and trinkets in its capacious pockets. What a pleasure it is after you have settled yourself in your easy chair to find that at will you can reach down in your bath-robe



pockets and pull a match, cigar or pipe, and even a book or magazine out of them !

But there are other uses for the robe which those who have not *lived* in it may not have discovered. A friend of mine, who lived in a cold hall bed-room, always utilized it for an extra cover on nights when his landlady's "spreads" were either too light or too "shy" to keep him warm until morning. As he was a young man, given to making the best of everything, he accomplished two things by this happy expedient—kept warm and found favor in his landlady's eyes, of not being a "kicker."

The poor fellow is now married. I have only seen him twice in two years. Once, just a week before the wedding, when he received me in his room, attired as of old—for our little symposium of pipes and philosophy—in a mouse colored bath-robe and low browed slippers.

Just before I left him for the night, he remarked to me, in a curiously pathetic way : "To-night I bid good-by to the old life forever ; and for the rest of the time, until I am married, will try to accustom

myself to the new order of things, which, sooner or later, I must accustom myself to. To-morrow morning I will consign my bathrobe and some relics of bachelordom to the tender mercies of the lady below stairs. I would give them to you, old fellow, but it would do you no good to be associated with the things that constantly bring up old memories."

From that moment he was not the same to me. *He* was looking forward to a new life; *I*, to a continuance of the old, without hope, without ambition, save that which comes from the daily striving to possess that which puts one into a state of contentment or happiness, maybe, beyond the power of any one person or persons to disturb.

"Selfish life!" you say. Yes, I admit it; but only *one* form of selfishness, after all.

He was married out-of-town, and I did not attend the ceremony. The last time I saw him he was in evening dress, in his own home. He was helping to entertain his wife's "set;" but he was not the same careless, good-natured fellow I once knew. I took him aside and asked him, quietly, if



he had a bath-robe, now? He replied: "No; that it wasn't necessary, as *his* sleeping apartment led directly into his bath-room." And so I left him.

I remember my first bath-robe very vividly. It was a present from an old *friend*. A mixture of chocolate and light gray stripes, a rope girdle, and a little rope at the neck, with two frisky tassels at the end,—and you have a pen picture of it.

We were friends from the beginning. I may have been a trifle vain in those days, for I recall several incidents where, upon wearing it out of place, my pride had a terrible thump. Once, I ventured to wear it at the boarding-house breakfast table. But it was only once. A prim old maiden lady, who thought nothing of wearing at the morning meal a loose wrapper, with a somewhat low neck, from which was suspended a long gold chain that flowed to her waist, complained to the landlady, that she wouldn't stay in the house if I continued to come to my meals in that "vulgar garment."

Fresh as I was at the time, I was wise

enough to retire to my cave under the roof and think it all over. It never happened again.

I am more mellow now, and realize that important as the bath-robe is as a comfort-creator, it is not a garment for parading purposes. It can never play a decisive part in the making of history. It can never cut any great dramatic figure like Napoleon's *chapeau*, or the fatigue uniform of General Grant.

If there ever was a garment typifying PEACE, it is the bath-robe.

I know some may dispute this, by referring to the incident of the victorious pugilist, whom his attendant—after the fight—tenderly and gingerly, clothed in a red bath-robe. But this episode in itself shows how false any such reasoning is. It was *after* the battle when the pugilist donned his robe; after the battle, when he had conquered and felt at that time particularly peaceful.

There is no record to show what the defeated pugilist wore, but, of course, it could never have been a *real* bath-robe.



I have never seen any figure symbolical of PEACE, but, for all that, can only think of her as the fourth sister to FAITH, HOPE and CHARITY.

If that is so, she must be loosely gowned—a low-necked and short-sleeved effect, which, perhaps for photographic and decorative purposes, is less commonplace than the bath-robe. But it can never be a practical, all-the-year-round garment, and at its best, would only be appropriate for a “summer girl.” And so we stick to our original proposition, for if it were a man who represented PEACE, he would be strictly in “good form,” surrounded by the wooly covering.

But to return to my first bath-robe. I know of no other inanimate thing that has ever been in my possession I recall with more tender memories. We have been through fire and water and almost sudden death. The latter experience happened in San Antonio, Texas. It had been a beautiful moonlight night, and was a moonlight morning, when, unable to sleep, I arose about 1 o'clock, put on my bath-robe and

took a short stroll on the hotel balcony just outside my room.

I was feeling good, and lit a cigar. Except for the moon, which spread its radiance and forced its way over the tree tops right on the balcony, there was no other light to be seen anywhere. The rest of the hotel seemed to be a huge chunk in relief, raised out of the black night. But I didn't care for that, and I was happy—until I heard a rifle shot fired, the ball whiz by my ear and bury itself in the window sill, just behind me!

My moonlight walk was suddenly cut short. I can't recall all I did at the time—no one ever can, under such a high pressure as that. I only know they picked me up pretty scared, and it was fully an hour before I was in condition to have it explained.

It seems the porter" of the gone into the ing for cats, ing slowly up balcony. There



Mexican "night hotel, who had back yard huntspied me moving and down the was no light in



my room, or it would have been all right. As it was, my bath-robe, ex- my hands, the ropes at my with the peculiar effect, gave me appearance (I for I tried it on afterward).



long-sleeved  
tending beyond  
collection of  
waist, combined  
iar moonlight  
a most ghastly  
know this is so,  
the "night clerk"

The porter took me for a *ghost*, and fired away at me—and I did not blame him.

There are other adventures I have had in connection with my bath-robe, but every bachelor who has made good use of his *must* have passed through some equally delightful and thrilling experiences. I leave the biography of mine at this point, hoping it will be the means of recalling other memories associated with a garment which should have a place in every bachelor's effects, close to the heart and on a hook where "moth and rust do not corrupt and thieves do not break through and steal."

One word more. I have tried to be cheerful all through this eulogy, so for-

give this pathetic picture with which I close. I looked out of the car window last fall, when traveling through a portion of the great corn belt of Illinois. There, in a field, I saw a scarecrow, made out of an old bath-robe ! It looked like the relic of the one my friend gave to his landlady on his last night of single blessedness—but, whether it was or not, it was an unworthy use to make of such a superior thing ; and I could not help exclaiming, with Shakespeare—" To what base uses do we come at last."





MY FIRST DRESS COAT





## My First Dress Coat

By Alphonse Daudet



**H**OW did I come by it, that first dress coat? What primitive tailor, what confiding tradesman was it, trustful as Don Juan's famous Monsieur Dimanche, who, upon the faith of my fantastic promises, decided, one fine morning, on bringing it to me brand new and artistically pinned up in a square of shiny green calico? It would be difficult for me to tell. Of the honest tailor I can, indeed, recall nothing—so many tailors have since then crossed my path—save, perhaps, a vision, as in a luminous mist, of a thoughtful brow and a large mustache. The coat, indeed, is there before my eyes. Its image, after twenty years, still remains indelibly graven on my memory as on imperishable brass. What a collar, my young friends! What lapels! And, above all

what skirts, shaped as the slimmest tail of the swallow ! My brother, a man of experience, had said : " One must have a dress coat if one wishes to make one's way in the world." And the dear fellow counted much on this piece of frippery for the advancement of my fame and fortune.

This, my first dress coat, made its *début* at Augustine Brohan's, and under what circumstances worthy of being transmitted to posterity you shall now hear.

My little volume had just made its appearance, fresh and virginal, in rose-tinted cover. A few critics had noticed my rhymes. Even *l'Official* had printed my name. I was a poet ; no longer hidden in a garret, but printed, published, and exposed for sale in the shop windows. I was astonished that the busy folk in the streets did not turn round to look at me as my eighteen years wandered along the pavement. I positively felt upon my forehead the pleasant pressure of a paper crown made up of flattering paragraphs culled from the papers.

One day some one proposed to get me an



invitation to Augustine Brohan's *soirées*. Who? Some one. Some one, egad! You know him already—that eternal some one who is like every one else; that amiable institution of Providence who, of no personal value in himself, and a mere acquaintance in the houses he frequents, yet goes everywhere, introduces you everywhere, is the friend of a day, of an hour; of whose name, even, you are ignorant—that essentially Parisian type.

You may imagine with what enthusiasm I accepted the proposal. To be invited to Augustine's house! Augustine, the famous actress. Augustine, the laughing representative of Molière's comic muse, softened somewhat by the more poetic smile of Musset's genius; for while she acted the waiting-maids at the Theatre Français, Musset had written his comedy *Louison* at her house. Augustine Brohan, in short, in whom all Paris delighted, vaunting her wit, quoting her repartees, and who might already be said to have adorned herself with that swallow's plume, unsullied yet by ink, but already well sharpened, with which she

was hereafter to sign those charming *Lettres de Suzanne*.

"Lucky dog!" said my brother, helping me on with the coat; "your fortune is made."

Nine o'clock was striking as I sallied forth.

At that time Augustine Brohan was living in the rue Lord Byron, at the top of the Champs Elysées, in one of those pretty coquettish little houses which seem to ignorant provincials the realization of the poetical dreams which they weave for themselves from the pages of the novelist. A railing, a tiny garden, four steps covered by an awning, an entrance hall filled with flowers; and then, opening immediately from it, the drawing-room, a brilliantly lighted room in green, which I can now see vividly before me.



How I managed to get up those steps, how I made my entry, and how I presented myself, I cannot now remember. A footman announced my name, but this name,



which he mumbled, produced no effect on the brilliant assembly. I can only recollect hearing a woman's voice say : "So much the better ; here is another dancer." It appears they were short of dancers ; but what an entry for a poet !

Startled and humiliated, I tried to lose myself among the crowd. How can I describe my dismay when, a moment later, another mistake arose ? My long hair, my dark and sombre looks excited general curiosity. I heard them whispering near me : "Who is it ? Do look ;" and they laughed. At last some one said :

"It is the Wallachian prince."

"The Wallachian prince ? Oh, yes ; very likely."

I suppose that a Wallachian prince had been expected that evening. My rank being thus settled for me, I was left in peace. But for all that, you cannot imagine how heavily my usurped crown weighed upon me all that evening. First a dancing man, then a Wallachian prince ! Could not these good people see my lyre ? \* \* \* \* \*

At last comparative calm was restored

and the quadrille began. I danced. I was obliged to do so. I danced, moreover, somewhat badly for a Wallachian prince. The quadrille once ended, I became stationary ; foolishly held back by my short sight—too shy to sport an eyeglass, too much of a poet to wear spectacles—and dreading lest, at the slightest movement, I should bruise my knee against the corner of some piece of furniture, or plunge my nose into the trimming of a bodice. Soon hunger and thirst interfered in the matter ; but for a kingdom I should never have dared to approach the buffet with all the rest of the world. I anxiously watched for the moment when it should be deserted ; and, while waiting, I joined the groups of political talkers, and feigning to scorn the charms of the smaller *salon*, whence came to me, with the pleasant sound of laughter, and the tinkling of teaspoons against the porcelain, a delicate aroma of scented tea, of Spanish wines, and cakes. At last they came back to dance, and I gathered up my courage. I entered. I was alone.

What a dazzling sight was that buffet !



A crystal pyramid under the blaze of the candles, brilliant with glasses and decanters, white and glittering as snow in sunshine ! I took up a glass as fragile as a flower, careful not to hold it too tightly lest I should break the stem. What should I pour into it ? Come, now, courage, I say to myself, since no one can see me. I stretched out my hand and took at haphazard a decanter. It must be kirsch, I thought, from its diamond clearness. Well, I'll try a glass of kirsch ; I like its perfume, its bitter and wild perfume that reminds me of the forest. And so, like an epicure, I slowly poured out, drop by drop, the beautiful clear liquid. I raised the glass to my lips. Oh, horror ! it was only water. What a grimace I made. Suddenly a duet of laughter resounded from a black coat and a pink dress that I had not perceived flirting in a corner, and who were amused at my mistake.

I endeavoured to replace my glass, but I was nervous ; my hand shook, and my sleeve caught I know not what. One glass, two glasses, three glasses fell. I turned round, my wretched coat-tails swept a wild circle,

and the white pyramid crashed to the ground, with all the sparkling, splintering, flashing uproar of an iceberg breaking to pieces.

At the noise of the catastrophe the mistress of the house rushes up. Luckily, she is as short-sighted as the Wallachian prince, and he is able to escape from the buffet without being recognized. All the same, my evening is spoiled. The massacre of small glasses and decanters weighs on my mind like a crime. My one idea is to get away. But the Dubois mamma, dazzled by my principality, catches hold of me, and will not allow me to leave till I have danced with her daughter, or, indeed, with both her daughters. I excuse myself as best I can. I escape from her and am stealing away, when a tall old man with a shrewd smile stopped my egress. It is Doctor Ricord, with whom I had exchanged a few words previously, and who, like the others, takes me for the Wallachian. "But, Prince, as you are inhabiting the Hôtel du Sénat, and as we are near neighbors, pray wait for me; I can offer you a seat in my carriage."



How willingly would I accept, but I have no overcoat. What would Ricord think of a Wallachian prince without furs, and shivering in his dress coat? Let me escape quickly, and hurry home on foot through the snow and fog, sooner than allow my poverty to be seen. Always half blind, and more confused than ever, I reach the door and slip out, not, however, without getting somehow entangled in the tapestries. "Won't Monsieur take his coat?" a footman calls after me.

There I was, at two o'clock in the morning, far from my home, alone on the streets, hungry and frozen, with the devil's own self, a badly lined purse, in my pocket. But hunger inspired me with a brilliant idea: "Suppose I go to the markets!" I had often heard of the markets, and of a certain Gaidras, whose establishment remained open all night, and where, for the sum of three sous, they provided a plateful of succulent cabbage soup. By Jove! yes, to the markets I would go. I would sit at those tables like the veriest prowling vagabond. All my pride had vanished. The wind is

icy cold ; hunger makes me desperate. "My kingdom for a horse," said another prince, and I say to myself, as I trot along: "My principality, my Wallachian principality, for a basin of good soup in a warm corner."

Gaidras's establishment looks a mere filthy hovel, all slimy and badly lighted, thrust back beneath the colonnades of the old market place. Often and often since then, when noctambulism was the fashion, have we future great men spent nights there, elbows on table, amidst tobacco smoke and literary talk. But at first, I must own, notwithstanding my hunger, I almost drew back at the sight of those blackened dingy walls, that dense smoke, those late sitters, snoring with their backs against the wall, or lapping up their soup like dogs ; the amazing caps of the Don Juans of the gutter, the enormous drab felt hats of the market porters, and the healthy rough blouse of the market gardener side by side with the greasy tatters of the prowler of the night. Nevertheless, I entered, and I may at once add that my black coat found its fellows. Black coats that own no great



coat are not rare in Paris after midnight in the winter, and they are hungry enough to eat three sous' worth of cabbage soup ! The cabbage soup was, however, exquisite ; full of perfume as a garden, and smoking like a crater. I had two helpings, although a custom peculiar to the establishment—inspired by a wholesome distrust—of fastening the books and spoons with a chair to the table, hindered me a little. I paid, and fortified by the substantial mess, resumed my way to the Quartier Latin.

What a picture that return home ! The return of the poet, trotting up the rue de Tournon with his coat collar turned up, while dancing before his sleepy eyes are the elegant shadows of a fashionable evening party mingling with the famished specters of the market place. He stands knocking his boots against the curbstone of the Hôtel au Sénot, to shake off the snow, while, opposite, the bright lamps of a brougham light up the front of an old mansion, and Doctor Ricord's coachman cries out : "Gate, if you please." Life in Paris is made up of these contrasts.

"A wasted evening!" said my brother the next morning. "You have been taken for a Wallachian Prince, and have not succeeded in launching your book. But all is not yet lost; you must make up for it when you make your 'digestion call!' as they say in Paris."

The digestion of a glass of water, what irony! It was quite two months before I made up my mind to make that call. However, one day I summoned up courage. Besides her official receptions on Wednesdays, Augustine Brohan received more unceremoniously on Sunday afternoon. I resolutely started off.

In Paris, a *matinée* that respects itself cannot decently begin till three or four o'clock in the afternoon. I, poor unsophisticated mortal, taking the word *matinée* literally, arrived there at one o'clock, and thought myself already late.

"How early you come, sir!" said a fair-haired little boy of five or six years of age, who, dressed in an embroidered velvet suit, was riding a mechanical toy horse through the fresh spring greenery of the garden.



The young man impressed me ! I bowed to the fair curls, the horse, the velvet, the embroideries, and, too bashful to retrace my steps, I went in. Madame was not yet dressed, and I waited all alone for half an hour. At last Madame made her appearance ; screwing up her eyes, she recognized her Wallachian Prince ; then, by way of beginning the conversation, she said : " You are not at *La Marche*, Prince." At *La Marche*, I, who had never seen a race nor a jockey !

Really, I felt too much ashamed ! A sudden throb rose from my heart to my brain ; and then the bright sun, the sweet perfume of spring wafted from the garden through the open casement, the absence of all ceremony, the smiling and kind hearted little woman, all combined to encourage me, and I poured forth my whole heart. I told her all—confessed everything—how I was neither a Wallachian nor a prince, but a simple poet ; and the adventure of my glass of kirsch and my supper at the markets, and my wretched return home, and my provincial timidity, and my short sight and

my aspirations, all seasoned by the accent of my Southern province. Augustine Brohan laughed heartily. Suddenly a bell rang.

"Ah ! my dragoons," she exclaimed.

"What dragoons?"

"Two dragoons they are sending me from the camp at Châlons, and who, it appears, have a wonderful taste for acting."

I wished to take leave.

"No, no, stay ; we are going to rehearse *Lait d'ânesse*, and you shall help me with your criticisms. Sit down by me on the sofa !"

Two huge fellows came in, shy, awkward, tightly belted, purple in the face (one of them acts somewhere at the present day) A folding screen is arranged. I settle myself and the representation begins.

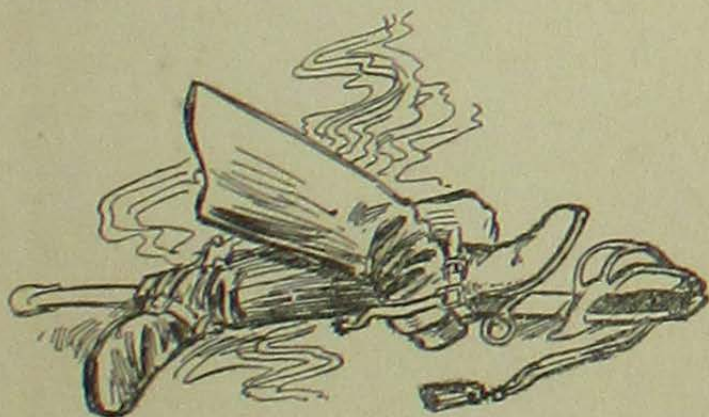
"They do not act so badly," said Augustine Brohan, in a low tone. "But what boots ! My dear critic, do you smell those boots?"

To be on intimate terms with the wittiest actress in Paris raised me to the seventh heaven. I threw myself back on the sofa,



nodding my head and smiling in a capable manner. I was positively intoxicated with delight.

Even now I can recall the smallest details of that interview. But see how all depends upon our point of view. I had told Sarcey the comical story of my first appearance in society, and one day Sarcey repeated it to Augustine Brohan. Well, the ungrateful Augustine—whom it is true I have not seen for thirty years—swore most sincerely that she knew nothing of me but my books. She had forgotten everything! Everything—all that had played such an important part in my life—the broken glasses, the Wallachian Prince, the rehearsal of *Lait d'ânesse* and the boots of the heavy dragoons.







**SLIPPERS**





## Slippers

By Charles M. Skinner



**I** WONDER if the youth of our day make the acquaintance of slippers as early in life as their fathers did. Some of them ought to. Slippers in the hand of authority are as greatly to be respected as policemen's billies, or injunctions. I ought, by reason of want of years, to have sympathized with the sufferings of the boy next door, when I was a boy next door to him, and the reports he gave of the way his mother treated him whenever he stole, or swore, or told lies, were moving; but he was a pretty bad boy, and he got nothing but what he needed.

Slippers serve other turns than those of comfort and correction—oddly opposite functions, when you think about them. I know a traveling man, for example, who

carries his tooth brush, hair brush, comb, razor, and soap in his slippers, properly wrapped in paper, to be sure, and I have heard of people who wore money in them. In the "hold-up" of a Western train, one passenger saved his "wad" by slipping it into his slippers.

It is, however, of the more common use of these articles that I intended to speak. The claw hammer coat represents the top of civilization; it suggests the monotonous uniformity of society, the conventionality of town life, its intolerable sobriety of color; so we barbarians, who wear it only at the opera, groan in its embrace, and think of jacket and slippers. Sometimes you find a middle-aged or elderly man who likes it, or says he does, and will wear it in his own house without the excuse or stimulus of company. But the free soul has a pity for that man. Youth, which is strong, willing to sacrifice its likings for appearance sake, prides itself on its form and grace—it is for youth that the dress coat was created. When one begins to think for himself the proof of independence comes out on his



feet : slippers. We are subtly affected by our environment. Haydn, you know, wore his court costume, sword and all, when he was about to compose ; Wagner, whose music has more freedom and color than Haydn's, wore marvelous flowered dressing gowns ; and who was that general who put on full regalia when he planned a campaign? Against that kind of a soldier we could successfully oppose a Grant, a leader who fought in fatigue uniform.

We are all influenced by these things. We kick off care with our shoes, and clothe ourselves in comfort and content as we shuffle into our slippers. Your stiff and stately citizen as naturally turns to the indurated tile, the linen shirt with tin bosom, collar and cuffs, the tight, hard boots, the clothing that is a system of cylinders, as he turns to dignity in talk, to studied manner in his walk, to solemn self-approbation in the review of his conduct. The more natural man expresses himself in clothes that fit him too much, in hats with unauthorized curves and dents, in negligé shirts, in duds that bring him to disesteem in those fash-

ionable circles in which he does not move. I have seen Indians who wore necklaces made from the tops of tomato cans, but, with those exceptions, the natural man seldom has any hard clothing on his person — nor any other kind, if he is entirely natural. Suppose a Patagonian in a plug hat, patent leathers and a corset. Hapless wretch! Send a missionary to him. For by that time his appetite will be grown so dainty that he will need missionaries.

Slippers mean home, and home means the natural man. There he drops the disguise that he wears at the office, at the club, at the dinner some other man is paying for, and allows his pent individuality to come out and play around the house. Sometimes it does not play, but the poor thing is his own, and he likes it, and we can endure much from a human being to know him as he is. So, to know him, never talk with him in his swallow tail: get him into a corner of his own house, just after dinner, let him hide behind a good cigar, put his hands in his pockets, and spread his slippered feet over as much of the floor as he



pleases ; then he is likely to tell you what sort of fellow he is.

Home without slippers is a contradiction in terms. In the tender years of boyhood, when we go wrong in our morals and are detected, in company with the snub-nosed lad on the next block, tying very dead fish to the door knobs of elderly and irascible neighbors, it is the slipper that brings us back to the path of rectitude. And when we are old and crotchety ourselves, it is the ease of slippers that makes us a little less elderly, a good deal less irritable than we would be in boots. Slippers are just that compromise between savagery and convention that makes them feasible for everybody. The rich shed affectation for them ; the impoverished take on refinement with them. I climbed one of the White mountains with a clergyman who wore them, and I believe they were embroidered with roses — gifts from a parishioner, in that case. Wonderfully easy, they seemed to be, and they never came off, all the way to the stony summit. In the woods I shed my brogans and wear mocassins, the best

of slippers ; and standing in them, I better know the sly and feral nature of the savage and the brute that roam the hills than I can with town made coverings on my feet. I am nearer to earth and its springs of life.

And tender sentiments sometimes associate with our easy shoes. I recall the tale of the artist who, looking from the window of his poor studio, up near the stars, saw, in a window across the way, a fair, sad face. It haunted him, and he watched to see it again. Meanwhile a song came out on the evening—a song in a voice low, but wonderfully sweet, and he instinctively associated the music with the face. His guess was right, for as the singing ceased, the face reappeared at the window, and the eyes of the two met, for a moment. The girl dropped hers, with a pretty blush, and retired into the darkness again, but that glance was enough. Artists are impressionable. He loved her. After the lamps were lighted he scratched together a few coins, hurried to a florist's, spent his all for flowers and went back to his studio. And now the problem offered : how to get the



bouquet to her, without impudence or imprudence. Ha ! An inspiration ! He thrust the stems into one of his slippers and tied them in. Hush ! She is singing again. As the last note is reached he leans far out, aims carefully and throws his offering. He has succeeded. The bouquet—and the slipper fly through the tall window. He hears a little shriek; then the face is seen looking curiously about the street. Again their eyes meet, and this time it is the artist who blushes. The singer gives a merry little laugh, pulls a rose from the cluster and puts it in her hair. Suffice for the present that the two were speedily acquainted, that they became lovers, but that, both being poor, they drifted away from the great city and after some years lost sight of one another—but not the memory.

One night the artist, now prosperous, and no longer in the flush of youth, attended the opera. A new prima donna was to appear that night. As she swept upon the stage, shining in silk and jewels, he started violently and looked at his programme. No, he did not recognize the

name ; but it suddenly occurred to him that people sometimes change their names when they sing or act. And now the lips parted and the voice swelled through the great theater. A thrill went into his heart and a vast love repossessed him. It was she. Her voice, as sweet as ever, was now strong, commanding ; her beauty was more radiant ; her manner had more grace. He



led the applause when the solo had ended, and the curtain had hardly fallen on the first act before he rushed from the building and into the street. He bought a clump of lily of the valley at a florist's, and at a neighboring shop he bought a pair of slippers. Tossing one of the pair upon the floor, to the astonishment of the clerk, he put the flowers into the other and hurried back to the theater. Again the woman appeared, and the audience sat spellbound through her song. As it ceased, the artist tossed the slipper, with its flowers, to her feet. She picked it up, turned pale, and, for some seconds, forgot to smile. The



roar of smiting palms, the shouts of "Bravo!" were unheard. She was back in that other city; she loved and she was loved. Then, impulsively, she kissed the slipper and kissed her hand to the audience. The artist knew for whom that kiss was meant, and for the rest of that evening he hardly heard the music; he was supremely happy. Well, I have told enough, but the tale had the right ending, of course.

And now, the sun is down. Another day's work is done. If it is not, be sorry; for you shall wear your slippers with a difference. None can know ease but him who has earned it. The walk home has been through slush and snow—freezing, here and there, for the wind is coming up. City noises are harsh and persistent, and they nag you constantly with reminders—the letters you failed to write, the chance you forgot to take, the bill you could not pay. Faugh! Leave all that on the doorstep and bolt the door when you have entered. A slight odor of preparing dinner comes up. The children are heard romp-

ing in the library. You throw off hat, coat and shoes, slide into your house jacket and enter the living room. She is there. Kiss her and clasp her hand, put on the slippers that she has put before the grate to warm, drop into the easy chair and thank God, for this is home. I am credibly informed that some persons dress for dinner when they are to meet their wives and children; and that means—boots. I am also aware that I write myself down herewith as an anarchist from beyond the pale when I say that I'll be switched if I'll dine at my own table in a stage crown and Wellingtons, unless I have in some people of influence to see me do it. Why should I? Do I wish to teach to my wife and children a lesson in martyrdom? I don't wish them to be martyrs. Do I want to show my respect for the servant? Not a bit, for she won't show any for me. Do I want to impress the neighbors? Not much! For I hold that man to be no better or wiser than he should who leaves his curtains up after gas-light, and exhibits himself at his meals or other occupations



to the passer-by. So, I fit myself to my state in life, and dismiss forms, that mean nothing, except to people who have nothing better to think about than forms.

Truly, that man who has not come to slippers is to be pitied. Think what you can do in them: you can drop them off when it is warm; you can put your feet near the grate when the day is cold, and toast them the quicker, for that they have thin soles; if your wife is out you can put your feet on the mantelpiece, as you must not do in shoes; you can move about your premises without tearing your carpets; (the Orientals are never guilty of our barbarity to rugs—those works of art that cost them months and years of loving toil;) and, whether a vealy youth, much grown to feet, or a lean and slippered pantaloon, you can rejoice in the sense of independence, of relief from constraint, that comes with deliverance from your shoes. In a pedestrian party that tramped through the White hills, and became nobly crippled after trying conclusions with Mount Washington, two of the men carried slippers in their

packs all day, that they might wear them for half an hour when they played euchre in our tavern rooms at night. That was carrying things pretty far—about 130 miles—but the principle was correct enough.

The place of all places where the right to wear slippers is sacred is your den—shop, study, smoking-room, or what not—at night. We can refuse to believe that any man gets the good out of his books, if he reads them in buttoned shoes. How can a mind be receptive, if the body that holds it is in discomfort, or on parade? There be volumes that naturally associate themselves with ease and liberty: the chats of our beloved Autocrat, the pranks of Lamb, the Western yarns of Mark Twain, still unmatched in Americanism, and in their kind; and, as to other matters, essays, histories, whatever one reads in order to improve his mind, we must study them in slippers, in order to gain that singleness and concentration of thought that are needed in all serious effort. In the writing of those things, light or heavy, I warrant that the feet of the great were



unburdened with corns and bunions, products of shoes, and that they could wriggle their toes as they poured fine thoughts upon the paper. Homer wrote the Iliad in slippers, and the kings who were kings, namely, those in the later middle ages, went softly shod, that they might take conspirators unaware, most likely. The only later writer whose work sounds as if it had not been done in slippers is Walt Whitman. He must have gone barefoot. How is it possible to get the flavor of a good novel, save in lounging costume, and who would read Emerson in raw hide larrigans? It would insult the author to do that.

Slippers are the furniture of the home. The very name suggests quiet evenings, secure against business and unwelcome company; it suggests the cheery hearth, the bubbling urn, the romp with the little ones, the twilight stories, the half-hour of music, the favorite chair, the evening paper; after that, the friendly book, perhaps the pot of chilled beer and the pipe.

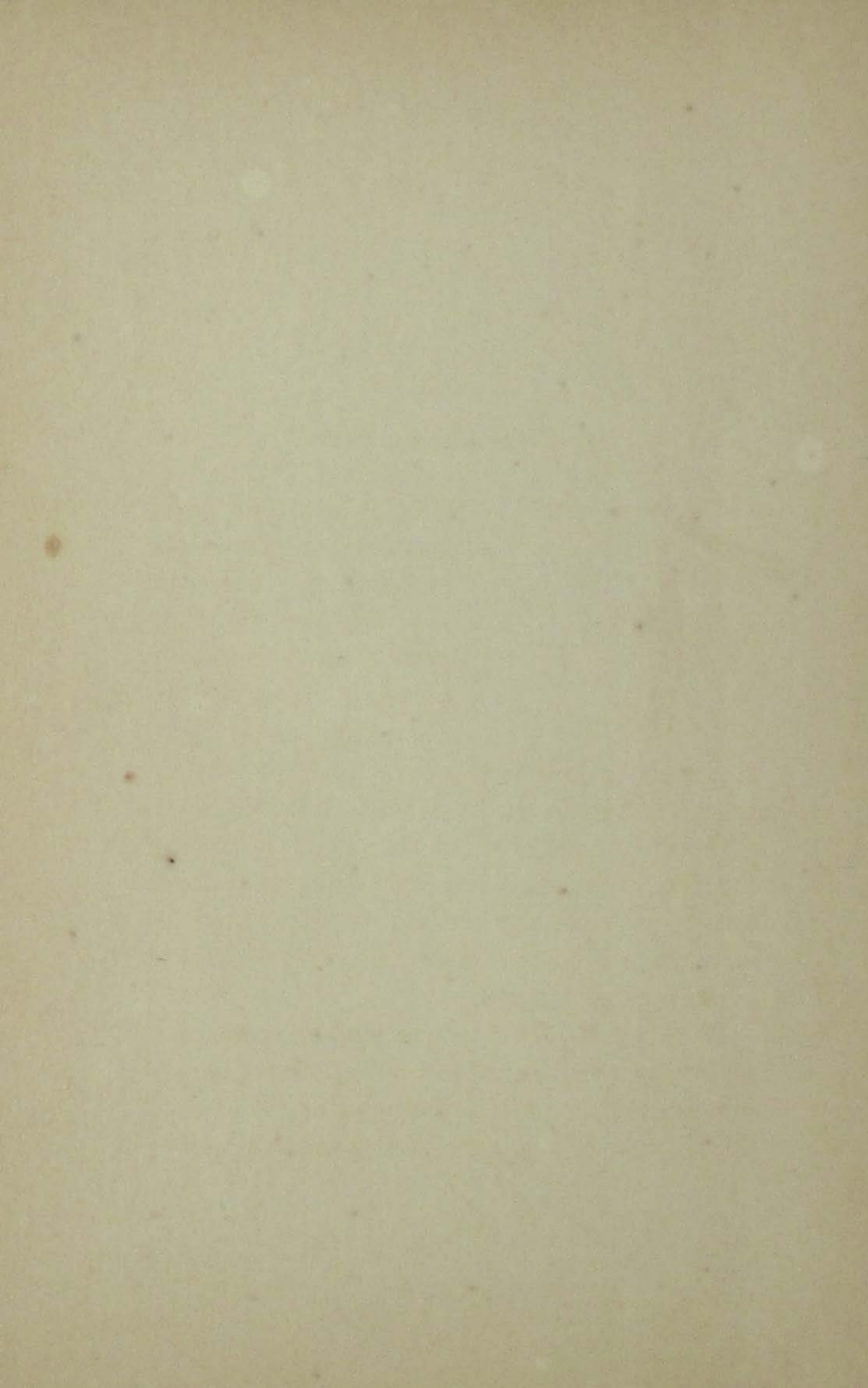
Wearing slippers, you are content. Gales may roar without, millions may be lost or

won, churches may stagger under infidel assault, empires may rise and fall beyond the sea,—what odds? Your lamp burns clear, your loved ones are about you, you are protected by your four walls from all that is unsanctified. Slippers stand for the free, the unconventional, the fond, the fine. Shall we not look to see the abolition, at least, within doors, of boots, and the adoption of all the comforts and virtues to which a free people is entitled, when it wears slippers?





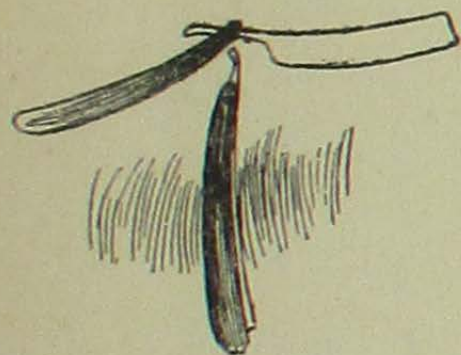
THE RAZOR





## The Razor

By Frank R. Stockton



HERE can be no good reason for the very general fashion of shaving the face except it be the vanity of man. It is so unnecessary to remove the beard, and it is often of such advantage to retain it, and, moreover, it is so difficult to get rid of it, that a strong motive was required for the persistent habit of shaving among those who instituted this ceaseless war against the processes of nature.

Without doubt it was the young man who first used the razor, or whatever scraping or cutting tool that preceded it,—for of all created beings, the young man possesses

the most vanity. When his fair and ruddy cheeks, as smooth as those of a maiden, began to be covered with a sort of hirsute turf—here a little hair, there a little, and in some places none at all—resembling a badly seeded lawn, the youth might well have said to himself, that, although he was beginning to show the strength of a man he was losing the beauty which he shared with woman, and he knew well that, let him wait as patiently as he might, it would be a long, long time before his countenance could be clothed with the full dignity of the manly beard.

But the man of middle age is also vain, although in less degree than the youth, and when he found that nature had not given him a worthy hairy covering for his face—and there are but comparatively few to whom she grants this boon—he disdained the inferior gift and forthwith shaved. Thus, by degrees, the custom of shaving grew among civilized men, until at last it became the fashion, and *then* it was established upon the earth, as firmly rooted as a rock or mountain.



But, although shaving originated in vanity, and has for the most part been continued in obedience to the behests of unreasoning fashion, we must deal with it justly, and give it credit for whatever good it has brought to hard-worked and intensified humanity.

As an instance of this good, may be mentioned the beneficial effects of shaving upon the brain-worker who, himself, uses the brush and razor. When tired with mental labor, the nerves of his head wearied from excited action, his mental machinery calls for rest. It may seem easy enough for him to stop working and thinking, but this is often impossible. The mind in action is like a bird upon the wing; if it be weary, it cannot stop in mid-air, it must rest somewhere. If the brain-worker be not so happily constituted that he can call up slumber whenever he chooses to stretch himself out for a nap, he must do something else when he stops the work that has tired his brain. It often happens that he cannot take physical exercise, for his mind demands a quiet condition of his

whole organism. He cannot read, he cannot talk, because these mental exercises might interest him, and thereby occasion loss of nerve-power. He may sit quietly, determined to do nothing; but if he does that he is bound to think—there is no help for him—and his thoughts will soon become interesting and his mind will work.

Now, a man in such a case can do nothing better than to go and shave himself. Here is an exercise which will keep his mind from wandering and will give it rest. It is absolutely necessary while the keen razor is gliding over the irregularities of his cheeks and chin that he should keep his mind upon that razor, for otherwise he might grievously cut himself. He must not give a thought to his ambitions, his labors, his perplexities or even to his joys. After fifteen or twenty minutes of such soothing occupation he may go back to his work, his brain re-poised, his little headache gone; but, if he be a philosopher, he will remember that he cannot shave again that day.

Another good thing which the custom of



shaving has given to the human race is the barber. If man had not wished to relieve himself of his beard, the profession of the barber could never have risen to importance. The mere dressing of wigs and cutting of hair and the curling of flowing locks would not have been sufficient to create the barber ; it was the constant demand upon his skill with the razor which gave him his place in the social system.

In far back years, when he was a surgeon as well as a shaver, the barber was an important man in the community, and took his place in literature and in art as one who had rights which could not be overlooked. His little shop was a sort of *salon* for the men of the neighborhood. Here was conversation, philosophy and gossip, with total freedom from the intrusion of woman ; and here—in the middle ages at least—there was generally a viol or a lute, that those who waited might wait patiently and all might be content and cheery.

The barber in fiction has many an important place, and whether he be the barber

of the Arabian Nights, with his interminable stories of his five brothers, or the barber in Don Quixote, who assisted the curate in the critical expurgation of the Knight's library, or whether he be that famous "Barber of Seville," whose words and actions have been wedded to the music of an opera, we find that the knight of the razor is often as worthy to be made a hero as the knight of the shield and spear.

But we must not spend too much time with our razors ; there is work to be done in this world perhaps not so composing to our minds or so flattering to our vanity as the gentle act of shaving, but which life demands of 'us, and we must be up and at it.





A GOOD DINNER





## A Good Dinner

By John Alden



GENTLE reader, listen ! I am not going to flood your ears with the oft narrated delights of John Chamberlin's terrapin, or Charles Delmonico's truffles. Of such description you have had enough, and more than enough from better pens than mine. As a well-known clerical lecturer used to say, the pollen of freshness is worn off by the attrition of appreciation and the friction of frequency. Besides, "The Duchess" and Laura Jean Libbey have preëmpted that field, and I have always been bashful in the presence of perfect ladies. Good wine needs no bush. Delmonico is above deprecation, and Chamberlin careless of criticism. Then, again, it has come into my mind that

the most fashionable of those who peruse this sketch dine ten times as often on roast beef as on terrapin and truffles.

Therefore, forgive me if a humbler sort of gastronomy is forced upon your attention here. I have always sympathized with Hawthorne's custom-house officer who could smack his lips with hearty gusto over a dinner he had eaten forty years before. He must have been a healthy man, and a man who appreciated the sane and peaceful pleasures of our higher civilization. He must have been able to distinguish between a good dinner and a poor one. The memory of the senses is a good sort of memory to keep undulled by Time. Nor is adipose tissue a bad thing. Calvin, if he had been a fat man, would never have burned Servetus at the stake. Nero, Caligula, Loyola, and Lord Jeffreys were all thin men. Cruelty and corpulence are utterly incompatible. Dyspepsia has been the ever pregnant mother of diabolism since the world began.

So much in justification of what I remember. Hunger, you know, is the best



sauce. And going back over your own life, I am sure you will be far more likely to recall those meals which you have approached with a good appetite than other meals of more elaborate preparation. So it is with me. The best dinner I ever ate was one which an epicure would have rejected, and which will bring a smile to your lips as I describe it.

Fresh from college, I was earning a living for the first time. Money had always been a scarce article, though I had never gone hungry. Health and good digestion were mine. Of enthusiasm I had as much as a phlegmatic temperament will carry. My "job" was on a newspaper inside the limits of the present Greater New York. My pay was \$6 per week. Not a princely income, to be sure, but as I look back on that period of my career, considerably more than I was worth. I had determined, as I still think, wisely, to live on that six dollars. You wonder how? Of course! You know nothing about such petty experiences. I hired a room over a corner grocery and next door to a theater. It was a

hall bed-room. The rent was \$1.50 a week. That left me \$4.50 to spend on food. Well, youth is optimistic and improvident. Beginning Saturday night I ate with reasonable regularity till the money was gone. It would last till Wednesday night, or possibly Thursday morning. Then I fasted. The reporters had an extra allowance for car fare which was paid Fridays. It amounted in my case to 75 cents or \$1 a week. That meant a feast Friday night after the day's work was done. It was an evening paper I was working on, and there were rarely any "assignments" Friday evening. So I could eat and loaf, and invite my soul, for was not the next day Saturday and salary day to boot.

The experience I am going to narrate demands a word in self defence. I was temperate. I had neither money nor energy to waste in drinking places. I went into them to get news. I drank seltzer and raspberry when I had to be treated, or took a five-cent cigar—one like it would make me sick now! The only ecstasy I enjoyed was the ecstasy of Swedenborg after he had



heeded the warning of the angel not to eat so much. One does not have to be a saint to get into a morbidly impressible state of mind through continued fasting.

The night before this famous dinner, the best I ever ate, viz., the most enjoyable ; I had been up till the small hours watching an interminable row in ward politics, a meeting which did not end till most of the German-American combatants were *hors de combat*, not from the assaults of their respective adversaries, but from oceans of internal lager. This was entertaining but tiresome, especially as my college German seemed not to have included one-half of the terms used by the heated orators, and most of the excited discussion was, therefore, incomprehensible. After four hours' rest I had gone to the office to begin the most tiresome day I had yet passed through, a preliminary murder-trial examination in police court being its main feature. Altogether, I was very tired as well as very hungry when I got through work. Wandering alone up to the Maison Mura, an old hotel which boasted a fairly good restaurant at moderate prices,

I strode in with the air of a prince or a millionaire, and sank lazily into a chair that was wide, and easy, and had a leathern cover that spoke of better days. Picking up a bill of fare, I began a mathematical calculation. The sum total of my available funds was 75 cents, since my carfare had been 85, and I must save 10 cents to start off on my rounds in the morning. "Corned Beef and Cabbage, 25 cents; Bread Pudding, 10 cents; Mashed Turnips, 10 cents; Pot of Coffee, 15 cents; Cream, extra 5 cents; Cigar, 10 cents." I could stand a full dinner. At that time I regarded the practice of tipping waiters as reprehensibly demoralizing.

The order was given and quickly served, though the wait seemed long to one who had been forty-eight hours without food. That corned beef and cabbage was ambrosia; the mashed turnips a glorious delicacy, the bread pudding a dream. The coffee was the most delicious of intoxicants. I ate, and ate, and ate, and sipped, and drank, and sipped, and drank again. It was nearly six o'clock in the afternoon. As I leaned



back in my chair the red sunset light could be seen just to the right of an old ivy-covered stone church on a street corner opposite the Maison Mura. The sleepy old restaurant seemed dead. There was a rattle of wheels and horses' hoofs on the cobblestone pavement, dying away, repeated, and then dying away again. That setting sun had about it a dreamy irresistible potency. It was like the burnished shield of a desert warrior, like the fiery bush from which the Hebrew leader heard the voice of the Almighty; like the glittering veil of the Great Beyond, the Unknown, and the Unknowable. It charmed my eyes and did not blind them; I gazed on it, how long I cannot tell, forgetting time, and space, and all things that belonged to the commonplaces of existence.



\* \* \*

Out of that setting sun, that gleaming shield, that burning bush, that impenetrable

veil of the Great Beyond, came a face, and then a figure !

Stately of form, alabaster as to feature, sensuous only in the fiery glow of her equipment, bearing the shield as an ægis upon her breast, waving as the bush of Horeb must have waved from side to side in the gentle breeze, speaking to me and to me alone of the Great Beyond, an idealized woman approached my hard fixed eyes. I saw her throwing red shadows on the dark green ivy of the church ; I felt her warm breath as she neared the open window. In an instant the figure stood before me, in the weakly lighted room where I could now see nothing else. Yes, there was the chiseled face, the helmet, the spear, and the long robe of Minerva, of Pallas Athena, the Goddess of Wisdom and of Art. Behind her, peeping out at times from the robe's folds, with which they seemed to toy coquettishly, I could see two little imps whom Pluto must have loaned for the occasion. Their faces were malign and repulsive. Their twisted forms seemed innocent of clothing and of noth-



ing else. I shuddered. The Goddess spoke :

“Aye, Pallas Athena am I, the Patron of poets, and of schoolmasters, of artists and artisans, and of reporters, too. Thou art, oh young man, at the turning of the ways. I would do thee good. I am the Goddess of Intelligence, and of Work, the Work that knows no tiring, Ergon, the most blessed thing on earth. Thou hast been my devotee. Wilt thou make of the past a mere novitiate, and persevere to the end? Truly my rewards are great, and worthy of thy highest nature.”

Her tones were not loud, but deep ; not piercing, but musical. I murmured low :

“Then indeed, I shall be rich, or I shall be powerful, perhaps both !”

Looking up into the face of the Goddess, I saw a sudden change. An expression of fierce contempt seemed to have been carved into the alabaster, by the instantaneous touch of a magic artist. She almost hissed:

“Then thou, thou too, art like the rest, like the paltry crowd of petty contemptible timeservers ! To thee, as to them, Work,

my divine Work, is a means and not an end. Aye, be rich, if thou wilt ; be powerful, if thou wilt ; what matters it to me ? 'Tis only one more hope gone wrong. Let the Olympians laugh, if they will ! Ambition, stand forth ! ”

The imp at the right of Pallas revealed for the first time the range of his hideousness. He held out toward my trembling hand a bronze flask, labeled “Toxicon-Poison.” I shrank away.

“Nay, take and drink of it ! Drink to the dregs of it ! ” the Goddess said, coldly. “I guarantee its virtue—no, its vice ! It will not fail thee. With that restless fluid in thy veins, thou wilt be powerful against all the world. Thou wilt be cruel, too, cruel and false to man and woman ; but what matters that to thee ! Drink, and drink deep ! ”

“Take it away,” I cried, “and let the garcon of Gehenna go with it. Perhaps Wealth is better after all. Give me Wealth ! ”

“Stand forth, Wealth,” the Goddess called aloud ; and the second imp appeared, less



brawny than the other, but older; equally twisted of limb, and even more sinister of countenance. In his hand, too, was a bronze flask, marked, like the other, "Toxicon-Poison."

"Wouldst thou have mines of gold, and dungeons full of precious stones; wouldst thou eat of the fat of the land, and wear, every day, purple and fine linen? Then bury thy lips, and steep thy throat in the liquor of that flask. Its power is never to be denied. Rich thou wilt be; and men will court but neither fear nor honor thee. No friend shalt thou have, but flatterers in plenty; no sympathy about thee, but sim-pletons, till life becomes a burden." Pallas Athena spoke with half repressed excitement. I nearly shrieked my answer.

"Let that black draught go to join the other, in the realm of Pluto, where it came from! Let that imp go, and play with his fellow, in the brimstone piles of the nether world! Majestic Minerva, I am thine; henceforth and forever thine alone. Work is my destiny, and Work shall be my pleasure! Hail! Ergon, Hail! 'Tis the

doing of things that makes contentment ; the worth and not the wages of the work shall make me happy. Rewards? Yes, I shall have rewards ; such as the palterers never touch ; for shall I not ever recall thy face, oh Pallas Athena, thy face that smiles now into these two eyes of mine !”

In fact, the Goddess was smiling, smiling as one who has gained a victory that was doubtful.

“Work on, work ever !” she cried, “and I, Pallas Athena, am alway with thee! Contentment shall be thy portion, and Contentment is the one thing worth having for mortal man !”

The ægis seemed to grow dim. The form of the Goddess, in an instant, lost its outline. The burning bush was ashes. The veil of the Great Beyond had disappeared, along with all it shrouded. The sun had set. The darkness of the church ivy was the darkness of the old graves over which it was planted. Yet, indeed, all things could not be quite as they had been ; for Minerva had spoken, and my life was hampered ; yes, hampered, as well as ennobled,



by a vow not to be broken while that life should last.

\* \* \*

There was a touch on my elbow.

"Check, sir," said the waiter, respectfully.

"I didn't want to disturb you before."

"Was I dozing, then? Yes, I must have fallen asleep over my coffee. I was very tired. Sorry if I have delayed things here."

"Oh, don't mention it!" answered Patrick, with a satirical grin. "We often have 'em that way here. It's as easy as pie, if they don't show tremens; then we call the police."

How could a student, fresh from a face-to-face interview with Minerva, smash the nose of a waiter whom he had not tipped? I picked up my ten-cent cigar, lighted it, and headed for the door.

"Walks straight 'nough, don't he?" I heard the Great Unfeed whisper to the cashier. "Some of them young fellers never do get drunk in the legs."

The sequel? Oh, yes! I have kept my vow, and Minerva's word has held good. I

have loved honest work for itself. I have never been rich. I have never been powerful. I have always been contented. The best dinner I ever ate was an eventful one





**MY PIPE**





## My Pipe

By Julian Ralph



MUCH as I love the wild woods, I cannot think of them without, at the same time, centring all their scenes and sounds and savors around my brier pipe. How often, when I have been springing noiselessly over the soft bedding of dead leaves and moss, toward my camp, drinking in the balsamic air, hearing the soft sighs of the breeze far above me in the tree-tops, marvelling at the splintered yellow rays with which, like a shower of gold, the sun has forced its broken way through the foliage—how often, I say, have I felt that I could not be happier, until there has come to meet me from the camp a whiff of the pipe-smoke of my guide. How it blends with the aromatic exhalations of the camp-fire, with the breath of the pines, with the faint scents of

the wild flowers and the sweet damp smell of the rotting wood and the leaf-layers on the earth. How gladly a pipe seems to return to the scenes of its origin, to the woods, where the red men smoked their *kinnickanick* of dried and crumbled leaves in their bowls of sacred redstone. At the first scent my steps involuntarily quicken, and I hasten to the tent or log cabin, where my pouch hangs with my briarwood in it. "Now," I say to myself, "I will have all that was needed to perfect the joy of all my senses. I will smoke—and such tobacco, that even the birds and the rabbits, and squirrels, and, mayhap, the timider deer, will halt and bless the moment that they strayed where the aroma drifts and adds a new pleasure to the joys of the aromatic forest."

To sit, pipe in mouth, before the crackling fire, after a day's hunting has ended, with an exquisite meal of fried fish and bacon, and stewed tomatoes; when the darkness is upon the ground beyond the circle of fire-light, when only a faint relic of daylight is seen in the openings overhead, when the tattooing of the woodpeckers



has ceased; and only now and then is heard the last good night chirp of a cricket or a tree-toad—ah, then the little clouds of tobacco-smoke ascend from grateful, happy smokers like thanksgivings. Then their shapes and the vague forms of the guides attending to the bedding and the boats, and the shadows of the bushes and the tree-trunks all become dreamy and whimsical, and the time has come for listening to the recollections of other days in other woods, of friends who have before-times sat in the same charmed circle; for questioning the half-breed guides, who drop down beside the embers, and tell their strange beliefs and superstitions in guttural English, musically mis-spoken.

To sit in a canoe in the center of a great bowl of emerald water with its sides made of the deeper green of forest spires, in the silence of the heart of Nature, rod in hand and pipe in mouth—who that has tasted that bliss will deny the part which the pipe plays in perfecting its charms. There perfect conditions are crystallized, mesmerized; nothing stirs except our imperfect

and impatient selves : and the pipe smoke, which floats softly upward to meet the flossy clouds that lie above, halted, as if drinking in the beauty of their images reflected on the plated surface of the lake. Perhaps an owl hoots, possibly a muskrat propels its tiny nose in the loop of a silent, spreading ripple near the shore and—— “s-s-h ! whisper ; deer ! There, that streak of red in yonder bushes. Quick ! he's smelled us—gone.” Bother take the deer for showing himself when we are fishing—but the pipes go back to our mouths and the smoke curls up again, even if the fish do not bite. How patient and philosophic one is when the fish do not bite, if one has a pipe. Indeed, given the pipe and the woods, what need is there of aught else, now that canned food is so portable and satisfactory ? A philosopher friend of mine has said that “‘going fishing’ is the most elastic phrase in the English tongue. It means what it says, or it means going loafing, or going carousing, or dodging trouble at home—a score of things.” Yes, among them, it means going off to enjoy one's pipe.



I remember one evening beside the brawling Kootenai, in British Columbia, a civil engineer dropped into narrative as we sat till ten o'clock at night still catching trout as if the daylight were not two hours old in China. "It was in Montana," said he, "in the fifties, when Red Callahan, the man who was hanged by the Vigilantes afterward, held me up and tried to murder me. That was my narrowest escape. He shot my pipe out of my mouth. He was an ornery fellow—didn't play fair. He ambushed me, thinking I had quit mining and was going East with plenty of dust, whereas I was in hard luck, without gold enough to weigh out the price of a dance at the cheapest hurdy-gurdy in Virginia City. He fired and I flung my hands up and called out: 'Quit that. What d'ye want?' He fired again and missed and then I was mad and showered lead where I saw his fire come from. In another six seconds I spurred my cayuse and got away. That was the worst trouble I ever got in. I was frost-bitten



and out of my mind three days later—picked up stark crazy in the mountains by some prospectors, but I didn't count that. The scrimmage with Red Callahan was much more serious."

"Why?"

"Why? Didn't I tell you he shot away my pipe? It was the only one I had; that's why."

How little do the ignorant count the cost of idly spoken words! Back again at home, after that week of dreaming in the British Columbian bush—the grandest woods in America—she whom I reverence was unpacking my trunk and came upon my briar. "Why!" she exclaimed, "here's a nasty pipe among your clothes." A nasty—but I will not shock the reader with a repetition of the phrase. The red Indian who invented that wizard instrument, the calumet, rated it so truly at its worth that not only was the material of which it was fashioned sanctified in his sight, but those who carried it in blocks to the various tribes and who went through hostile nations to secure it, all bore sacred, charmed



lives. The soft, fine-grained, red sandstone was, and is to-day, found in Minnesota only, and in but one small region there, if I am not misinformed. To that quarry all the red tribes of our country and Canada used to send occasional deputations of brave and distinguished youths to fetch back stone for the skillful and tasteful squaws to make pipes from in the winter months. These men were never harmed by any Indian of any nation, going or coming. Though they passed through the lands of ancient enemies and over the hunting ground of tribes with which their people were then at war, their lives were inviolate. Such was the agreement of all the Indians, although no other influence had ever been known to bring about such concord or any promise of safety to any foe or stranger otherwise employed. The pipe was to them all the sign-manual of peace and the emblem of deep wisdom. It was a thing to be smoked only among friends, the seal for the stamping of friendships, the vial that held the essence of philosophy and sage reflection, to be hand-

ed around at the councils, passing from chief to chief and from valiant warrior to cunning medicine-man. "Nasty!" No, it was the portable altar whereon was burned the elemental fire, the sign and tool of the gods who also smoked—as any but the blind could see by looking at volcanoes, at geysers, at the forest fires lighted by celestial bolts from the smitten flints that hang from Gitche-Manitou's belt.

The red discoverer of the aromatic weed and of the implement he fashioned for its use had never a doubt of its power to call down peace from Heaven and understanding to men's dull brains. And when a white man brought it from America to Europe to gladden his race, what new testimony of its magic power did it give forth? For whether its magic was in the selection of Raleigh to be its sponsor, or whether it had to do with making Raleigh what he was—one or the other, the triumph was the same. He was, except Elizabeth, the most interesting figure of his time; splendid in his loyalty to his queen, great in his energy, valor and wisdom, marvelous in the patience



with which he bore adversity, and without a peer in gallantry. There is no better life to read through the smoke of a pipe than Raleigh's, with its excitement, adventures, and glad and fell vicissitudes. His life contained enough of poetry, romance and sentiment, of moral weakness, for which he atoned with kindness and generosity; enough of all that is human blended with the rest, to be softened and dreamified into a wonderful tale as seen through the smoke which he was the first to let loose in Europe.

Our women—loveliest of the benefactions of life—do not appreciate the pipe. They have not risen to the heights of its attractions. Perhaps the majority of them are jealous of all the forms in which men use the weed—his surest solace and, in that sense, woman's greatest rival. The "new woman" is coquetting with the cigarette—a mistake in taste; and so is the new woman herself, by the way. If she has taken up the cigarette as the first step towards the pipe—but no, the cigarette is not of the genus tobacco; it is a concoction, a drug-

gists' prescription, an odorous, odious, nerve-destroying, not nerve-soothing, thing. Do I blame either woman—the dear old kind or the dubious new sort—for not smoking? Could I love woman with a pipe in her mouth? Aye, and millions of men no less refined and dainty and poetic than we of the West do already love woman thus accoutred. In Japan and in China every woman smokes—be she empress, duchess, farmer's wife or poultry tender. Upon the women's pipes are lavished the daintiest taste and skilfullest work of the artists of those realms. Some are of solid silver, inlaid with gold; others are of ivory, beautifully carved. Each pipe holds but a pea of tobacco, and the emptying of it occupies but a minute. Dear reader, you would not deny that my friend Mrs. Ladaka is a lady. If you are masculine, you admire her; if a lady, you would envy her her amiability, her pretty ways, her beautiful silken suits. Yet many a time has Madame Ladaka come where I was smoking, aboard ship, in shops and in houses, and taken from her pouch her little pipe of silver, carved



and inlaid, and sent the smoke from it, joined with the smoke from mine, in spiral clouds up to the sky or roof. A pinch of fine hair-like tobacco, a pressure upon it over the pipe bowl, a scratch of a wax match, and then three quick puffs. That was all of her smoking. But how pretty she looked, how graceful were her postures, how poetic the movements of her arms during that minute! How sweetly she smiled when I handed a match to her, and how calm and wise her face grew as she sucked up the three mouthfuls of smoke and let them curl away from between her teeth. May I meet you and smoke with you again, and when I do may you know that the smoke of my pipe is in reality incense offered at the altar of virtuous womanhood.







THE CHAFING-DISH.





## The Chafing-Dish

By William E. S. Fales



THE latter part of the nineteenth century will be known to the *bon vivants* of the future as the era of the Chafing-dish. This proposition will, of course, be denied by the fair artists who preside over the cooking-schools of the land and by the plutocratic gas kings, who compel luckless housekeepers to use use gas stoves or else have their light cut off; by aluminum manufacturers, who believe that all culinary operations should be performed in implements of that mysterious metal, and, above all, by the fanatical followers of the grape cure, the apple cure, the raw meat cure, the graham bread horror, the oatmeal abomination, and the vegetarian fad. These people, and many of them are bright and worthy

members of the community, never realize that they are but pygmies alongside of the giant of the Chafing-dish.

Civilization may be measured along culinary standards. The primitive man boiled water by throwing red hot stones into the family pot ; the American Indian, both the aboriginal and the imitation article, smother delicate foods in steaming seaweed until flesh and fowl, fish and game, fruit and vegetable, taste exactly like the green sea moss which the lazy tides deposit upon the rocky New England beaches.

There was a period of the open fireplace and of the box-like Dutch oven ; there was a period of the frying-pan, the roasting-pot and the gridiron. The ice cream freezer will mark the first half of the nineteenth century ; the steam cooker will be used by unborn historians as a milestone on the road of human progress, but the leap of humanity into the highest civilization will be symbolized by the Chafing-dish.

I am told that there are people in this world who do not admire the Chafing-dish. I extend to them an infinite compassion



and hope that their lines may at some time be thrown into more pleasant places.

For had they met the Chafing-dish under right auspices, mark you not the best auspices, they would have loved that simple but immortal expression of human genius. And, ah ! if they had but met it under the best auspices, they would have revered it as the poor African reverences the family pot in which he boils his fiercest enemy.

No one will ever appreciate the Chafing-dish with complete justice until he has seen one of the great masters throw poetry into gastronomic matter. The late John Chamberlain, preparing a lobster à la Newburg, before a circle of awe stricken but loving friends, was a great epic in itself. To see Tom Murrey, king of the American cuisine, prepare a Welsh rabbit, is to confirm one's faith in humanity. To watch Dr. Edward Bedloe, the diplomat, wit, and scholar, of the Clover club of Philadelphia, convert a dozen round reed-birds into celestial gems is worth going across the Continent. To witness Major Moses P. Handy curry an oyster is simply a revelation. George C.

Boldt, monarch of all that pertains to the inner man, handles a Chafing-dish with such consummate skill that Paderewski, in his wildest improvisations, Wilhelmj, executing a Hungarian rhapsody, or Ysaye, interpreting Vieuxtemps, seem but children alongside of him.

Clarence Harvey, the poet, is a rare artist in this field, as is Henry Guy Carleton, the playwright. Ex-Governor William M. Bunn has distinguished himself by his culinary triumphs and is a close rival to that other famous gastronome and litterateur, Louis N. Megargee. The late Charles W. Brooke, orator and jurist, had a reputation second to none in Chafing-dish lore and science.

The Chafing-dish is old and is new. There were Chafing-dishes far back in the palmy days of imperial Rome, but they were not the Chafing-dishes of to-day. Alas for the glory of the Latin capital, the Chafing-dish of the Cæsars was a pan with holes in it, in which sometimes the food was held over the fire, and at other times burning charcoal was placed to keep a second dish warm.

Even as late as the last century and the



beginning of the nineteenth century, the Chafing-dish was of this double character. It did not even attain the dignity of the warming-pan. You catch glimpses of this savagery in the expression, *rechauffée*, which is a dish warmed over ; the middle syllable, "chauf," meaning to heat, to warm, to warm over, is the first syllable in our word, Chafing-dish.

The first great thinker who perceived the latent possibilities which lay concealed beneath the poor utensil of his time was Brillat Savarin, who recommended the use of a small, flat pan of thin metal, with a long handle, over the Chafing-dish of that period. This combination was the Chafing-dish of to-day in embryo. The next stage in its development was reached at about 1855, when a pan, supported by a tripod, was held in position over a small spirit lamp. This was a Chafing-dish in the old sense of the word. It would keep a dish warm or would warm a cold dish, but as for cooking, it was of no earthly use, and as for artistic cooking, it was unworthy of notice. The modern Chafing-dish came into

vogue immediately after the Civil War, at the time when different colleges and universities were establishing the schools of science, which are now so characteristic a feature of education.

The Chafing-dish appears in the market in a hundred forms, but the model, the type, is a bronze or iron tripod, with a large upper horizontal ring, and a small lower horizontal ring, supported by the three legs. In the lower ring is a capacious alcohol lamp, with a cover so arranged that a large or a small flame can be had at pleasure. In the upper ring is a separable double pan, the upper fitting tightly into the lower and fitted in turn with a cover. The handles should be made of wood, or a metal drawn into a spiral, or helix, and should be as strong as the dish itself.

Each pan should be a symmetrical curved surface, with a flat bottom, and without any angle, edge, or corner to prevent its being cleaned with a single movement of the hand. The king of all metals for cooking, so far as rapidity is concerned, is copper, but is tin in respect to purity and



health. Copper, or tin-lined copper, may therefore be put in the first rank for the making of the Chafing-dish. Iron is objectionable. At its best it is not pleasant to the eye, and even when treated with glazes so as to become agate ware, granite ware, porcelain ware, or granitoid, it falls short of the standards of other metals.

Brass makes a very handsome utensil, and when well kept is pleasant to look upon. Aluminum is light, strong and clean, but there is always a haunting fear that the high temperature of the spirit flame may cause it to oxidize and become ruined. Our French cousins use aluminum bronze and find it a glorious success. It is as brilliant as gold, and tarnishes very slowly. Silver is objectionable because it turns black with eggs, onions, horseradish, mustard, or any other food or food accessory containing sulphur. Gold is too heavy. Pewter, Britannia metal and German silver give good results, but show wear very speedily.

Some shoddycrats have insulted the God of Cooking by making Chafing-dishes of chased silver, and even of repoussé.

These are the people who would gild the golden rod, or put solitaire earrings upon the Venus di Milo. The only decoration to a Chafing-dish is the brilliant polish that comes from cleaning over and again. When you can see your face in it at every point ; when it reflects light across the room like a great jewel, then it is a work of art indeed.

Now, there is a profound reason for this rule. All good cooking tends to benefit health and to cure disease. It tends to increase good-fellowship and to drive away the blues. The surface of a Chafing-dish, inside or out, sideways or downwards, it matters not, reflects exactly like ridiculous Japanese mirrors, but always in a humorous and pleasant manner. The thin man becomes stout ; the stout man a veritable Sir John Falstaff ; the wrinkles of care are transformed into those of laughter ; the scowl, the sneer and the frown are metamorphosed into smiles. In this way the humble Chafing-dish becomes a ray of sunlight in the gloom. It is a spirit of good nature pervading the atmosphere. Hearts



grow lighter ; jokes bubble up to the surface of consciousness ; wit flows fast and free, and kindness prevails. All of these things are conducive to appetite and digestion, and when good nature waits on appetite and digestion, health follows immediately behind in her footstep.

In its humble attempt to enliven people, the dish should be assisted. The master of ceremonies, who is of course chairman by divine right, should aid by genial and generous conversation, and the convives should engage in friendly rivalry as to who shall be the most interesting or entertaining of the assemblage.

While the Chafing-dish does wonderful work, that work is between narrow limits. It is not a kitchen range nor an old-fashioned fireplace. Its fire is fierce and hot enough to please the believers in the Tauist hell, but it is short lived and seldom lasts more than twenty-five minutes. The heat is intense, but small in quantity. It is therefore evident that the Chafing-dish cannot cook dishes which take a long time in their heating, nor dishes which contain a

large bulk or weight of food. Only those things which can be cooked quickly, or which are improved by re-heating, can be employed in Chafing-dish science. I once saw a thoughtless amateur endeavor to bake large potatoes in this receptacle. He succeeded in charring a part of the esculent, in making a prodigious smoke and smell and in nearly ruining his dish. But the potato remained almost unscathed.

The Chafing-dish will boil. It will fry. It will steam. It will re-heat and above all it will cook sauces to perfection. At the same time it must be remembered that the rules which apply to the range must be modified to suit the new conditions. A piece of music written for a full orchestra must be changed materially for the xylophone. It is so with those formulas in ordinary cooking which call for long periods of time and many separate pans and pipkins. The Chafing-dish is practically one pan. Even where both water-pan and working-pan are employed together, they are used jointly on the same principle exactly as a farina kettle.



A charm of the Chafing-dish is the ease wherewith the heat can be regulated. If you care for curious little experiments it will enable you to do many which are very difficult with a stove or range. Thus, put water in both pans and turn the flame on half low, then with a small thermometer as guide, let the water in the working-pan reach a temperature of 165 degrees and into it break an egg. Raise the temperature slowly to about 170 and hold it stationary. By degrees the yolk will harden and can be taken out a beautiful, golden circle, while the white remains unchanged.

Another interesting experiment gives an insight into nature's coloring secrets. Bring the water to boil in the water-pan and add a tablespoonful of boiled rice. Stir it to separate the grains and then pour in a half pint of common claret. Extinguish the flame and put the cover on. Let it stand fifteen minutes, take out half of the rice with a long-handled strainer and wash the grains quickly in cold water. They will be of a beautiful rose-pink color. Now add to the

wine and water still hot four or five table-spoonfuls of lime-water and boil. The beautiful red changes as if by magic into exquisite green. This is chlorophyl, which nature employs in tinting the leaves of the forest. Again put out the flame, cover the pan, let it stand for ten or fifteen minutes, strain out the remaining rice and wash quickly in cold water or, better still, in salty water. The rice is of the color of a young apple in the orchard on the sunny side of a slope. Put the two portions together and add a third portion of uncolored rice and you have a combination of red, cream-white, and green, which for exquisite beauty cannot be surpassed.

In starting your studies with the Chafing-dish use the simplest recipes. Snipe, for example, are capital things for the beginner. Buy the divine little birds from a first-class dealer and he will deliver them to you beautifully picked and cleaned. You can use them as they are, or you can cut off the lower legs and claws. If ladies are present at the session be sure to have it done before the birds are put upon the table.



No one can tell why, but the tiny claws awaken pathos in woman's heart, and so disturb the enjoyment of the feast. In your dish put a quarter of a pound of the best butter. When very hot, but not at the boiling point, put in your six snipe and sprinkle them with a little salt and cayenne or paprika. Some authorities instead of this recommend rubbing the salt and pepper into the birds first. Put the cover on and allow them to cook from ten to fifteen minutes, according to their size. Extinguish the flame, let them stand five minutes more, serve them on a plate garnished with water-cresses or chicory leaves, and squeeze over them a little lemon juice.

The same method may be applied to blackbirds, reed birds, rice birds, small trout and other creatures of about the same thickness. If larger ones be employed, the outside will be properly cooked but the center will often be so underdone as to be repellant to a sensitive eater.

Many birds, such as the blackbird and reed bird are improved by throwing over

them in the dish one or two glasses of rich sherry, malaga, madeira or marsala, after the flame has been extinguished. The wine enhances the flavor of the meat and improves vastly the melted butter and juices of the bird which flow out during the cooking. Frog's legs prepared in this manner are faultless. It is well, however, to stab the legs several times with a sharp steel fork, so that the sauce will make some entrance into the tissues.

Another class of dainties which can be made with the Chafing-dish are the simple curries. Put in the working-pan a quarter of a pound of butter. Into this put a small onion finely minced. Heat until the onion becomes a pale golden color. Add a half teaspoonful of curry powder, or, better still, of curry paste. Stir it up thoroughly, let it cook a moment and then add a half pint of milk (or of consommé, or soup stock), salt, paprika, a half teaspoonful of curry powder, three drops of garlic juice and thicken slightly with a little rice flour dissolved in cold water. This is the basis of the curry. It can be made



hotter by adding more paprika, and a little powdered cloves. It can be made more aromatic by the addition of powdered cardamons and grated green ginger root, or can be made very mild by leaving out cayenne and paprika altogether. Into this sauce can be put hard boiled eggs, sliced lengthwise ; cold chicken or any other meat cut into small pieces not more than two inches long and an inch wide ; crab meat ; bits of boiled lobster ; sardines ; oysters ; scallops ; frog legs ; boiled snails, removed from the shells ; clams, shrimps, calves' brains or sweetbreads. This sauce, or basis, goes equally well with fish, flesh or fowl. In serving it there should be as accompaniment a great dish of boiled rice and a little dish of freshly grated cocoanutmeat. A very appetizing dish is made by using this sauce upon the fleshy parts of good old Scotch herring. Do not thicken too much or too little. If too much rice-flour, or flour, is employed, the sauce becomes pasty as it cools. If too little is used it is so thin that it will run everywhere. It should be thickened until it is the

consistency of old-fashioned molasses, or of cream.

Best of all the products of the Chafing-dish is the democratic Welsh rabbit. Into the pan put a tablespoonful of butter. When it melts, cause it to flow over all the interior, then add to it a pound of New York dairy cheese well grated. Stir as the cheese melts and add by degrees old ale or heavy-bodied beer, to keep the cheese at a proper consistency. The right allowance is a pint to a pound. Sprinkle a saltspoonful of salt into the dish and a small quantity of cayenne, paprika or Nepaul pepper to suit the taste. When smooth and cream-like, which it will be in about six minutes, ladle it out upon pieces of dry, hot toast on a hot plate. This is the simplest and best Welsh rabbit. Variations are made by adding a tablespoonful of Worcestershire sauce and a teaspoonful of English mustard. Another and a delicious variation is made by using four tablespoonfuls of Chinese soy in place of either salt or pepper.

Still another is effected by employing Bass's ale that has been opened and has a



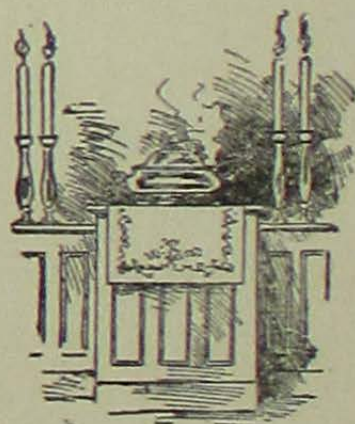
sourish tang. This indicates that the ale has begun an acetous fermentation, which if left undisturbed, will change the fluid to malt vinegar. It somewhat impairs the flavor of the rabbit, but does make it a trifle more digestible. The hot rabbit made by the late John D. Burke contained for seasoning salt, white pepper, cayenne, Worcestershire sauce, English mustard and horse-radish. It exerted a powerful stimulating influence upon the digestion.

When your cooking is over, clean your dish with conscientious care. Use laundry soap, diluted lye or ammonia and water. Then polish it with any fine polish such as crocus, chalk, electro-silicon, or whiting. Finally, go over it with a rag slightly moistened with olive oil.

If this be done regularly every particle of the surface will gleam like a mirror. In your lamp use alcohol, or what is just as good but cheaper, wood alcohol. Under no consideration use gasoline, naphtha, or kerosene. Some of the gas is bound to enter the food and to ruin it.

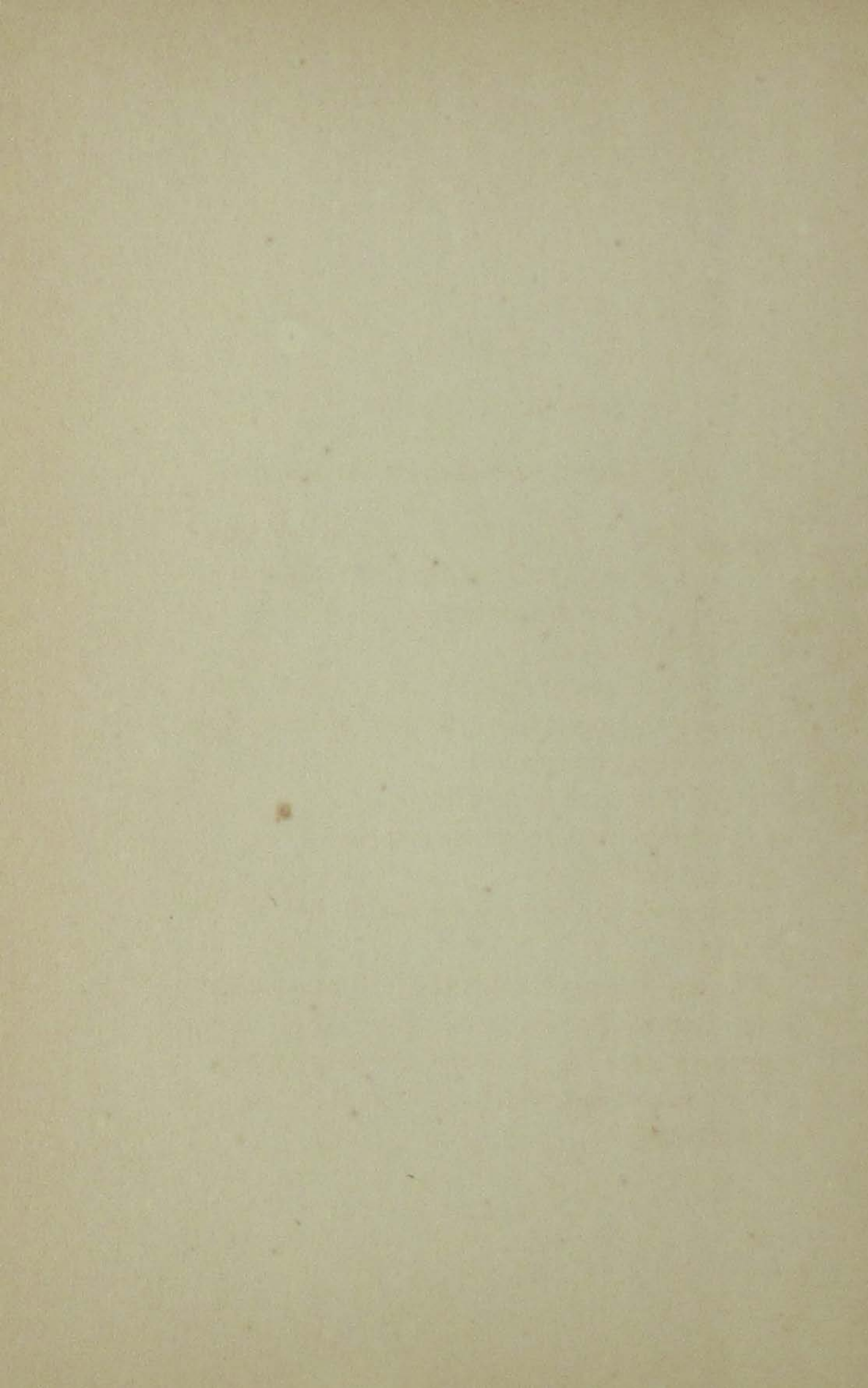
Next to butter for cooking purposes

comes olive oil. Beef drippings are invaluable in many compositions. Cottolene and Cotosuet are excellent and are enjoyed by most eaters, but are disliked by few. Lard is always good and tallow is always bad. Last of all, never let the pans run empty or dry during cooking. If they do, never attempt to put water or any form of grease upon the hot metal surface. If you do the water will turn to steam and will scald every one in the neighborhood, the oil will vaporize, carbonize and ignite. A Chafing-dish is a capital Christmas present, and like the coffee-mill in Eugene Wrayburn's lodging, is warranted to bring out all the domestic virtues.





CIGARS





## Cigars

By A. B. Tucker

*(A knock at the door of the den.)*



WELL! Well! Will. How are you?  
I don't intrude on the sanctity of  
Sophomore singleness, do I?

"Sit down!

"Let me struggle out of this great  
coat and join the charmed circle. It's  
snowing viciously!

"But that fire, Will——

"I'm glad to meet you——

"And you, sir——

"Happy to know any—all of Will's  
friends.

"I am his father's oldest chum,—a col-  
lege friendship it was, too. But life's  
post-graduate hasn't worn the edge away.

"Thank you, I will!

*(Puff-Puff.)*

"I promised to look in on Will occasionally, you know! Duluth's a long way from Morningside Heights, and a line or two, now and then, to say I've seen the boy, I think, rather bolsters up the paternal—and maternal—heart.

"So don't mind me at all! I'm going to sit here awhile and smoke some of your—very—good cigars, Will, and get away through the flakiness again.

"Where do you get them,—the cigars?

"Indeed! my dealer, too.

"There's a great deal of philosophy in cigar-buying. I know men who have changed their residence a dozen times in as many dozen months; they have changed their tailors, their dining places, their daily papers, but they buy their cigars in just the same place as they did when I first knew them, and out of the same box, often. We choose our cigars and force our tastes as we do flowers in hot beds, rather than 'fly to others that we know not of.'

"There's something friendly in the feeling of the smoke of *your* cigar (you always use the possessive when you talk of 'my



cigar ' )as it filters through your mustache— seems to cling to your lips caressingly. It's the escape of the prisoner's pigeon, eager to be free,— sad to leave its whilom master. And it floats in circles above his head. It's the real thing in halos.

“Staunch friend to those who treat it right,—is a cigar. But governed, Will, by the same universal laws as friendship, the world over. Nurse its fire and it is with you to the last. Neglect your cigar as your friend and you pay a penalty. Use it too freely and too selfishly and you will come to regret its existence,—friend and cigar, alike. Cigars are made for the brain. Cigarettes for the impulses. Pipes for memory. Snuff for the olfactories,—and they reject it.

“They have been attacking tobacco for centuries. I haven't the least doubt that there are anti-tobacco cliques among the Arapahoes and Assiniboines. But they were not the warriors, hunters and orators of the tribe. And you remember what a blizzard of criticism sturdy old Raleigh breasted.

"Well, a cigar is a condensed pipe. You consume the shell just as a snake eats an egg, whole.

"But it's more than that. There is evidence of an evolution toward the beautiful in the curve of its form. There's a philosophy in its compactness, too. The better your cigar, Will, the closer it's rolled,—the more perfect its draft. It smokes easily. So with a well-trained and well-poised man. The better stuff there is in him, the more easily its results can be gotten out. That applies to placer mining, by the way.

"Don't let me monopolize the conversation! Cigars are a lubricant for speech with me.

"You're very considerate, sir!

"Do I know of their acting inversely? Yes; I remember many a case. I shall never forget when the *Aquatic* fought her terrible battle with *Neptune*. I was a passenger all but battened down in company with ashy faces and sobbing feminines. When it seemed as if the sea was trying to roll us over into vastness and leave us there, I dodged the fourth officer to the extent of



getting my head over the edge of the deck and saw, just for a moment, the Scotch skipper lashed to a hand-rail defending the vessel from assassination. They yanked me back in time to miss a nine-foot water-wall, but I have carried the picture of Captain McDonald as he stood there like a headland, unmoved, watchful, calm, ever since ; and between his vise-like lips, was a cigar, *lit and smoking*. How he managed it in that spray-cloud, I could never conceive. But three days afterward, when the passengers were smoking on deck, I knew the difference between cigars in farce and in tragedy.

"I believe they are the badge of honesty. Cheats wear the badge, sometimes, just as they wear stolen masonic watch-charms. But I never heard of a murderer smoking while he committed a crime.

"Cigars are the companions of poets and traders alike. The painter uses their blue smoke to mix his colors, the inventor to materialize his dreams. They belong to all clubs, and are received into the best society. They help to protect you against

the contagion of plagues ; they smudge the mosquitoes away. They are with the anarchist in his den, the Senator in his committee-room, the clergyman in his study. But the convict cannot have them in his cell ; he is expatriated and out-cast. They are the school-boy's ambition and the octogenarian's solace. They are as dear to the Caucasian as to the African. They recog-

nize no colors, parties, creeds, nor fancies. They are international, unsectarian, altruistic.

"They are associated with the material and the poetic. Some of the

daintiest verses extant have been sung in their praise, and the Lord knows how many have been penned under their coddling influence. They have made their appearance on the modern stage and in the modern novel. They have well nigh exhausted the versatility of men in the naming of their brands. They have often befooled the custom-house officers, and to offset this, have paid enough in taxes to lift the debt of the country.





"In warmer climes, I have seen them between the lips of dark-skinned beauties, and they were used not without a degree of grace and fitness. I have often thought that their rich, warm color resembled nothing so much as the shadowy beauty of a Señorita's complexion under a semi-tropic sun.

"Some of my most pleasant memory-pictures center round the glow of a lighted cigar in the darkness.

"I stood once in a Missouri forest waiting for a man. He was 'Jack' McNally, ex-government scout, ex-secret service spy; then a private detective. I was timber-buying along the line of what was at that time the Atlantic and Pacific railway. McNally was with me, ostensibly timber-buying, too. Really he was amassing information about the train-bandits who managed the affairs of the railway in that section as per their own schedule. We had reached a little town near Springfield, I carrying more hundred dollar notes on my person than was altogether safe under the circumstances, and while we waited on the

station platform, McNally took me aside in the darkness and said hurriedly :

“ ‘They’re after us. I’ve been looking round a little and I find we are spotted. They know of your cash and my business, and if they get here before we leave, it won’t be healthy for either of us.

“ ‘This infernal train (he was more emphatic) will not pull out in an hour, and then it’s likely to be held up. We must get out in some other way.’

“ I anxiously asked how.

“ We skulked under the shadow of the station and along the edge of the clearing to where the road opened Springfield-wards.

“ ‘Down there, about a quarter of a mile; wait by the side of the road for me,’ he said. ‘I’m going to hire a rig. If we can get a half hour’s start, we’re all right.’

“ He left me and I went down the road. It was squeamish business. The outlaws knew these woods as they knew their Winchesters. I spent the most nervous twenty-five minutes I have ever spent in my life. But it passed somehow.



"The moment when I heard the dry creak of the harness and the crunch of twigs under wheels was scarcely less tense; it was an open question whether it was McNally or a buckboard party of desperadoes. My heart practiced gymnastics until I saw the glimmer of McNally's cigar. No other man in that vicinity would have been smoking under these circumstances. But I knew McNally. I stood quietly until I smelled the familiar odor of his Havana, and then I called to him. Then his cheery 'Hop aboard,' reassured me and we put the livery nag through five hours of rough work, to find, when we reached Springfield, that Jack had been mistaken in that the road-agents were operating a hundred miles away.

"But the remembrance of that will-o'-the-wisp cigar-glow coming through the Japaned blackness——

"Well, it will not do to drift into storytelling, Will. There's a little girl down town waiting for me——

"Come and see us.

"Bring your friends, too. Lydia lets me

smoke in the sitting-room. She will pass you the box and the matches with her own fingers, and you may smoke and talk with us to your heart's content.

"In fact, she said, when I left, 'Father, get Will's promise,' and I have.

"Help me on with the coat, boy, and I'm off through the snow.

"Good night to all !"

*(The door closes. Through the window a sturdy form may be seen struggling with the storm.)*





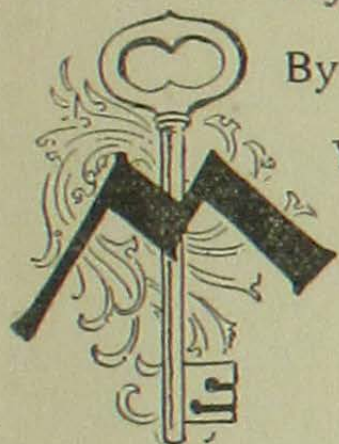
MY FIRST LATCH-KEY





## My First Latch-Key

By Robert W. Criswell



Y Editor asks me to write on "My First Latch-Key," and I recognize, at once, the tremendous importance of the subject. My first latch-key was the turning point in my life. For fear the meaning of this may be too subtle for the ordinary understanding, I will volunteer the clew that if a latch-key, or any old kind of key, is not a turning point, I would like to know what is.

My first latch-key carries me back to the time when the roses were redder than they are now ; when the violet had a delicious fragrance which it has never had since ; when the grass was greener ; when the brooks and the birds sang a sweeter song ; when every swaying field of wheat was a

poem ; when the autumn foliage had a glory never seen on earth before or since ; when every sunset was pure gold and living fire ; when every star was a diamond ; when the moon's chaste beams made every youth a poet ; when the night was filled with music ; when, with Her to live and strive for, it would be but a few golden years until I would be a Czar and own an Empire.

I did not care particularly about the Empire on my own account. As a matter of fact, I had no selfish thought in that regard at all. I set absolutely no value upon all the empires of the earth except in so far as She might have a wish to be the mistress of them.

That was the exact condition of affairs when I became the possessor of my first latch-key. The face of nature is precisely as I have here set forth, and I have not heightened the color of the general outlook as much as a single tint, even to the empire.

If this is to be a true story to the end, as it is in the beginning, I may as well admit



here that there have been some hitches and some disappointments in the development of the grand scheme.

In the first place, I lost my dog. That was a blow. I liked the dog on his own account and on general principles; but there were other considerations that attached me to him with hooks of steel. When he could not find me he would go and lie on Her front stoop and She liked him for his great discernment. Two or three times I saw Her take his head between Her hands, look affectionately into his eyes and call him pretty names. She was fond of him, and, therefore, I treated him with great respect and would not have parted with him for a kingdom. In fact, after She had caressed him I looked upon my dog with something akin to reverence, and thought seriously of some day following the example of Cæsar as to his horse, and making him Consul. One might have supposed that having had Her hands upon him he would have had a talismanic charm which would have brought him safely through every stress of storm and weather and every peril

whatsoever. Strange and horrible as it may seem, when this almost immortal canine neglected to clear the track for a flying express train his valuable life was snuffed out with as little delay as if he had never been in Her presence or felt the magic touch of Her hand.

When the ancient Egyptians lost a dog they used to shave their heads and bury the remains of the beloved animal in sacred ground. I thought I could do no less than that, but finally was persuaded to retain my youthful locks and give my dog a decent burial back of the barn, and let it go at that.

There have been a few other disappointments in addition to the above sorrowful affair. Several difficulties at different times have interposed themselves between me and the Empire. Two or three times I had it as good as won,—as it seemed to me then—but something or other went askew; the enterprise turned out to be not exactly as it looked at the beginning and the stock never reached the high value in the commercial world that was expected of it; the



gold did not "pan out" as much as it should, and Golconda was always in the next county.

But She has said a thousand times that the Empire never entered into Her calculations, partly because She is too good a republican to care for one, even if it were spread under Her feet. At the same time I am still working quietly in that direction, and when it is achieved we will keep it "on the side," as it were.

As for the first latch-key, insignificant and insensate piece of metal that it is, the memories which it sends trooping would fill a book.







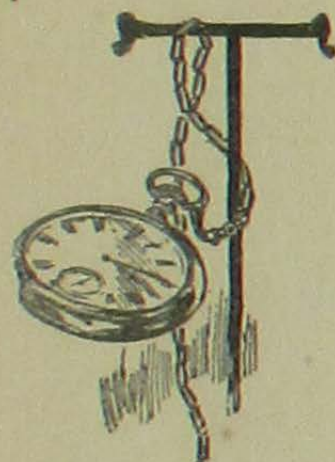
SOME WATCHES I HAVE KNOWN





## Some Watches I Have Known

By Ernest Jarrold



THE first watch I ever owned was given to me by my Irish nurse, Ellen Riley, as a Christmas present. It cost only \$1.50, and it required nearly ten minutes' time to wind it each night before it was placed beneath my pillow. I can dimly remember handling it with as much care as if the cheap case contained a Jurgensen movement, worth \$300, full jeweled, and set with diamonds. My nurse was very poor. As I look back through the intervening years, I can realize the sacrifice she made to give happiness to me. The story of how the watch was secured was told to me by my mother in later years, when the stern realities of life had robbed faith of much of its glory, and sentiment had vanished like the beauty of an autumn sunset.

My mother told me how anxiously Ellen, the nurse, looked forward to the coming of Christmas—when I was in my tenth year. She was a faithful, loyal soul, who clung to the uneven fortunes of our family until her message came from the eternities. At the time to which I allude, Ellen was very poor. The claims of a decrepit mother were so great that she could not spare a cent from her frugal earnings. There was a superstition among the Irish folk of the locality where my father lived, that goat's milk was a sovereign remedy for nearly all the ills to which humanity is heir. It happened that Ellen was the owner of a prolific nanny-goat. Ellen had been turning over in her mind for several weeks the problem of how to procure the money to buy the watch she had set her heart upon, and had about given up in despair, when the possibility of turning the goat's milk to account occurred to her. But who would buy the goat's milk? This caused her much anxious thought, until she mentioned the matter to Mrs. Williams, the wealthy widow, for whom she did an odd job at sewing now and then.



Now, Mrs. Williams disliked goat's milk as the devil hates holy water. She would not have drunk a pint of the milk, unless it was to save her life. But when Ellen told her of the yearning which she possessed, to make me a present of a watch, with that fine perception and gracious deceit of which women only are capable, she said she had been wondering for a long while where she could procure some goat's milk! It was such a remarkably refreshing and strengthening fluid, she said. She added, with admirably simulated sincerity, that she feared Ellen could not furnish it to her fresh. To this, Ellen replied that she milked the nanny every day, "with her own two hands," and she could bring it to Mrs. Williams warm from the milking, before the cream had a chance to gather on the top.

And so the compact was made. It was a situation of extreme delicacy which Mrs. Williams passed through when Ellen brought the first pint of milk to her; and after the happy Ellen had gone, the widow threw the milk out of the window. Gradually, the store in Ellen's woolen savings bank was

increased. My mother has often related to me, her sweet eyes dimmed with tears at the recollection, how Ellen would get out of bed in the middle of the night, light a candle and sit in the kitchen to count, with ever increasing satisfaction, the hoarded money, while her face beamed with rare delight because of the joy she intended to confer upon me. Waking or sleeping, the idea of the watch never left her mind. Her face continually wore a broad grin, and she was so mysterious that the other servants suspected her of having lost her mind. Her anticipation was continually whetted by frequent visits to the jeweler's window. Here she would stand for half an hour at a time, looking at the watch which she intended to buy. It lay swathed in cotton, in a green paper box in the window, the only plebeian timepiece in the collection, surrounded by gleaming diamonds and sparkling rubies.

How slowly the days dragged by to Ellen! With what exceeding deliberation did the sun go down each evening behind the hills! And when the eventful day



arrived, and the last pennies were added to her savings, how her heart beat as she hurried down to the jeweler's and poured out upon the glass case her precious store! Her hands trembled as with the palsy when the jeweler placed the watch in her palms. Then she cautioned him to say nothing about the purchase, as it was a surprise for a little boy of whom she was very fond!

Dear Ellen, with the wrinkled hands! Surely you must have watched the dawning of many an ineffable day in the calm land, if there is any immortal virtue in such love as thine!

The jeweler drew his handkerchief from his pocket with unwonted quickness as he followed Ellen to the door and watched her run with eager steps up the street. At twelve o'clock that night Ellen sat before the kitchen fire wrapped in a shawl. In her lap lay the watch which she had brightened with a piece of cloth until it shone like a new milk-pan. Having no money to purchase a chain, she had tied a shoe-string to the ring of the watch. With bated breath and stealthy footsteps she climbed

the creaking staircase, stopping on every step like a burglar, and went into my room. With infinite care and tenderness she slid the watch under my pillow and listened with beating heart at the door to assure herself that she had not awakened me. Then she went to bed and dreamed all night about watches with hands countless feet long.

At five o'clock the next morning I awoke with a yawn. In the stillness I detected a faint sound. At first I thought it was an insect in the wall. But the sound was so regular and constant that I lifted the pillow and saw the watch. A prouder boy never strutted on the face of this old planet than I as I tied the shoe-lace to my buttonhole, dropped the watch into my waistcoat pocket and went out on the back stoop to regulate St. Mary's clock and the rising sun. The cupidity of all my boy friends was awakened soon after my appearance, and a dozen of them stood by while I pried open the back of the case with an old jack-knife in order to show them the little wheels inside. Ellen was late in coming down-stairs that



morning, but there was a sly suggestiveness in the way she asked me what the time was that went far toward convincing me that she knew more than she was willing to confess.

But, alas! The watch has gone the way of all watches! By the way, what becomes of all the watches? When the tiny wheels become worn out, to what unknown Potters Field are they consigned!

Father Time, merciless in his progress, and merciful in his oblivion, has left his impress upon me since Ellen gave me my first watch. I have had many watches since that time, but not one which has left a more lasting impression upon my mind.

An open-faced, full jeweled, beautiful gold watch was presented to me only a year ago by a little Bohemian club of which I was the toastmaster. I shall never forget the night the presentation was made. How the thing glittered in the gaslight, as the President of the club held it out toward me! I think my hands must have trembled as did Ellen's so many years before when she received the cheap toy from the

hands of the jeweler. I can see the bright faces of the men who had contributed toward the watch in fancy now and recall their hearty congratulations. It suggests the time when I pried the back of the \$1.50 watch open to show the boys the little wheels. Of course I had to make a speech. How I got through I never knew. I remember, however, that I told "the boys" the watch should never be disgraced by falling into the hands of the pawnbroker. But necessity is sometimes stronger than sentiment. The truth is that pawnbrokers are not the curse they are frequently said to be ; and (tell it softly !) when I want to learn the time to-day I am forced to visit "my uncle."

